THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864. Price $2 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. Whole Number Issued, 2243.

MY BROTHERS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have two soldier brothers
In the sunny south somewhere;
Two boys nobler and braver
Were never a sister's care.
It has not been long since I led them,
Little children by the hand,
And now they both are fighting
For the good of their native land.

Dear mischievous, wayward Owen,
The youngest—our pet and joy—
He was only fourteen when he left us,
Only a slender boy.
The other is kind as a woman,
His forehead is fair as a girl's—
We called him "red-haired Robert,"
Because of his golden curls.

And down upon my paper
Hot tears fall as I write,
For this is Robert's birthday—
He is just eighteen to-night.
Ah, well! I must cease my moaning,
Other lives are just as sad;
I must try not to murmur,
Though they were all I had.

And if in the chances of battle
One of my dear ones should fall,
Oh, Father! help me remember
That Thou art over all—
That in our peaceful homesteads,
On the battle-field crimson with blood,
Thou art ever around us,
Around us ever for good.

Council Hill, Ill. MRS. BURTON.

HEFFIE'S TROUBLE.

I remember how late we all sat round the fire that night, Aunt Rachel, Cousin Lucy, and I. It was such a cold wild night, and such a tumult was going on out of doors, as made the pleasant cheerful warmth within seem doubly pleasant and cheerful.

My aunt had been left a widow some years since, with two children, a son and a daughter; my cousin Lucy, and Arthur, who was now in a government office in London. I had lived my childish years away, knowing no other home than my aunt's pretty cottage at Ashwood, no mother's face but hers. I had been given to her when my parents left England for India, when I was little more than four years old; it was there my mother died soon after their arrival, leaving my poor father desolate in a strange land. And now, after twelve years of Indian service, he had come back to live in the old Hall at Riverbank, a lovely spot, which had belonged to our family for many generations past.

To that sweet home, one golden June day, he had brought my gentle mother, a pretty bride of seventeen; and there, about a year after, I, their only child, was born. Being so young when I left it, I had of course little or no recollection of the place, nor do I remember having any desire to see it again. You call this strange and unnatural; perhaps it was, but then our home at Ashwood was very retired indeed, a sunny nook in a quiet corner of this busy moving world. Beyond the rector and his wife, we had very few neighbors. Lucy and I had only each other to play with while Arthur was away at school; and when he returned for the holidays, we were happy indeed.

So quietly and peacefully the narrow, wareless stream of our life flowed on, and we were happy and content; not knowing any other, we cared not to have it widened. I do not think this circumscribed life of ours did any real harm to Lucy; with me it was otherwise. I suffered where she escaped untouched; for we were very different, very unlike each other.

Hers was a frank, sympathetic, trusting nature, that easily attached itself. You could not help loving her if you tried. She would creep into your heart like a little bird, and there make a green little nest for herself, even before you were aware. My disposition, on the contrary, was shy, reserved, and cold; or, rather, my affections were not easily stirred into warmth. I was slow to open my heart, and I opened it only to a few; but for them I had a kind of passionate worship, that would have considered no sacrifice too great, no self-renunciation too impossible. But, ah! at Ashwood my love had never been put to a severer test than the little daily efforts to please my gentle aunt and cousins. Beyond them I wanted no one else; I never cared to make friends. Even my father's name, that name which above all others, should have had a sacred shrine in my heart (I say it now in all the anguish of a sorrowful shame burning at my breast), had little power to kindle any emotion there. And so, when one day the news had come to us that he was going to marry again, (a widow lady, with an only daughter a little older than myself,) it did not please or trouble me. I received it calmly and quietly, as something I had little concern in. But when a little later, a letter came telling of their arrival in England, and that now he had returned home he wished to have his child again, I felt as if a heavy blow had fallen upon my heart, and only yielded as to a cruel necessity. Dreadful to me was the thought of leaving my aunt and cousins, of changing my calm, unruffled life at Ashwood for a new existence among strangers, for they were all more or less strangers to me.

And so, as I said before, we three sat round the fire very late that night. We heard the clock in the hall strike the hour of midnight, and still we never moved. I think each of us in her secret heart dreaded to be the first to break up that last home conference. Lucy, with an expression of touching sadness in her sweet face, sat looking into the fire far more gently and submissively than I into my future life; whilst dear, kind, Aunt Rachel would now and then try to cheer us by some pleasant, hope-assuring word, though I could see that her own eyes were growing dim while she spoke. And so at last we said good night, once more, and for the last time; and once more Cousin Lucy and I lay down to sleep, side by side, in the two little French beds with rosebud curtains, in that same dear room we had called the nursery long ago. Before the sun went down again we were many long miles apart. The old life was gone; and Aunt Rachel's fond, earnest blessing, and Lucy's tearful embrace were all that remained to me of the happy home days that would never come back.

Well, I arrived at the old house at Riverbank, that house which had been my mother's home for nearly all her married life; yet my heart refused to recognize it as my own. My father met me in the hall and said, "Heffie, you are quite a woman; I am glad, very glad, to have my child again." And my stepmother greeted me kindly, affectionately; and Agnes took my hand and said (with her eyes looking kindly into mine,) "shall we be sisters?"

And so they took me in among them; and day by day they strove, with tender words and loving deeds, to win my wayward, sullen heart, that still remained shut up within itself, closely as ever door was locked and barred.

Day by day they strove with me, constantly, patiently, but in vain; because I would not strive with myself. The old life was gone—the old life around and within me; and instead of trying to read calmly the new leaf that lay open before me, I only stained it with my tears, and kept ever in my memory, turning again and again the pages I had for ever finished. I lived and moved in a kind of dream, seeing and hearing, yet taking no heed of what I saw or heard. I spent hours in my own room, reading over and over again the books Lucy had given to me the night before I left them. Most of them we had read together, she and I; and now I must read alone; and often, as the short winter afternoon was growing dark and cold, a sick, dreary feeling would creep over my heart—of miserable loneliness, that seemed consuming me in its very intensity. Ah! had I not brought all my trouble upon myself? No; I was not pretty, like Agnes. I knew that, and my father knew it also; and he was proud of her, I could see; but not proud of his poor, pale little Heffie. It was always Agnes who went out to ride with him, who was ready to walk wherever he liked, who read to him in the evening when he was tired. Why was it that I was seldom with him, that I never read or sang to him for hours as she did? Because I had a false feeling in my foolish heart that he could not love me, could not care for me. How should he, when I was so little to him, and she so much? So days grew into weeks, weeks into months, and summer came once more, once more to gladden men and women and children's hearts, with long days of golden sunshine, and soft cool dewy nights. Yes, summer came once more, and with it came a change in my life, my self-inflicted, lonely life. One morning I received a letter from my Cousin Arthur, saying that his mother and Lucy were going to spend the next three months with some friends in Scotland; and that if his uncle and Mrs. Leigh would kindly receive him for a little while, he would so very much like to come and spend his summer holiday at Riverbank. He longed to see me again; it would be like a coming back of the old days.

"Yes, Heffie, certainly," said my father, when I gave him Arthur's message, "let him come by all means. We shall be delighted to see him; it will make a pleasant change, a very pleasant change for us all."

As I rose to leave the room I saw his wife's gentle eyes turned on me with a kind, half-pitying look I had often seen there of late, and heard her say (when she thought I was out of hearing), "Poor child, I am glad she will have this pleasure. I long to see a little color in that pale face; it is too young to look so sad."

And my father answered, "Yes, it is too young; life should not be difficult at seventeen. Oh, Margaret! I have a great fear haunting me sometimes." And here he lowered his voice to almost a whisper, so that I heard no more; and I hastened up-stairs to write my letter. What was this great fear that haunted my father? I could not tell. I had often remarked lately (as I said before) my stepmother's eyes watching me with an anxious, half-pitying expression; and once or twice I had seen them fill with tears when she thought I was not noticing her. Did this great fear haunt her, too?

Three days passed by, and Arthur came—pleasant, cheerful, kind, Cousin Arthur. How my heart bounded at the sight of him, at the sound of his fine manly voice, that seemed to me like an echo from the old life—the old life that was gone. All was changed during the few weeks he stayed at Riverbank. It was as if some kind fairy had come with her magic wand and touched the hours, and turned them into gold. I felt almost quite happy. Something of my old self seemed to have come back. It was a season of strange, wonderful gladness—a short, happy dreaming, that went too quickly by—and I awoke crying, to find it over, gone.

MY GREAT TROUBLE.

I knew he and Agnes liked each other from the beginning; nothing was more natural. Many of their tastes and pursuits were the same. And so it happened that day by day there grew up between them a sure, yet silent sympathy, so sure and silent that for a long time neither was conscious how much the other was helping to make the sunny June of life more bright and sunny still. Week after week went by, till we counted six, and then Arthur's leave had expired, and he must return to London. The last evening came (how far away it seems, now as I look back). I was sitting alone in my own room, not reading or writing, or hardly thinking; but listening listlessly to the dull patter of the rain against the window, for it had been pouring all day.

Presently I heard a knock at my door, and Arthur entered, saying he wanted to talk with me. He had hardly seen me since the morning.

"Dear Heffie," he said, "I want to tell you something, something that I want you to feel glad for. Can you guess?"

"No. How should I?"

"Well, then, Agnes has promised to-day to be my wife. Say you are glad, Heffie, won't you? You used to be glad years ago when I brought home a new prize from school; but now you do not speak."

"Arthur, I am very glad." I said it with my lips, but a voice in my heart answered, "No, Heffie, you are not glad; you know you are not."

"Why not?"

Because that moment had revealed to my heart a secret it had been keeping from itself, a secret it had not dared to discover; but now it had stolen out from the dark, silent corner where it had hidden itself away, and, standing out like a giant fierce and strong in the broad open daylight, it stared me in the face mockingly, cruelly; and I saw that it was an idol I had been bowing down to, a pillar I had been leaning on for strength; and the idol was crumbling, the pillar was falling, and I, who had leaned too long on that one support, was weak (oh! how weak) now it was gone.

Arthur stayed with me for a long while that evening, talking of many things,—of Agnes most of all. He asked me to be kind to her when he was gone, to show her love and sympathy for his sake.

He knew not he was asking me to do a hard thing. The next day he was gone, and Agnes moved about the house quiet and subdued, as if a little shadow had come to dim her sky for a moment; while I, who had no right to grieve, yet grieved more hopelessly. Now, at the distance of nearly twenty years, I can look back calmly on that time, as on the recollection of a troubled dream, from which the awakening was tranquil as the clear shining after rain. But then there was no shining, no rest, no comfort. The next few months that passed before the winter came (that was when the wedding was to be) were very dreary ones to me. There was a little brief while indeed, in which Aunt Rachel and Lucy paid us a visit on their way home from Scotland; but when that was over I felt even more lonely than ever. My heart was more than ever closed to Agnes. I felt towards her as if she had done me a cruel wrong; as if she had stolen from me something that might have been mine; that I would have valued, oh how priceless-ly!

One afternoon, near the end of November, as I was sitting in the library with my father, he looked up from his newspaper suddenly, and said—

"Heffie, my child, I wish I could see you happy, really happy. I cannot bear to see that pale face of yours day after day without a smile upon it. Can you not borrow a little sunshine from Agnes?"

I did not answer for a few moments. Then a desperate resolve seemed suddenly to shape itself into words on my lips, and I said—

"Let me go away, father; let me leave Riverbank. I can never be happy while I stay here. Let me go."

"Let you go away, Heffie! What can you mean? Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere, father; anywhere! I will be a governess, or a companion. I will do anything; only let me go away."

"Why, Heffie, you do not know what you are saying. Are you in your senses, child? What makes you so unhappy? Tell me."

"I cannot, father; I cannot tell any one. But, oh! I want to go away! I want to go away!" And in the passion of my entreaty I sobbed bitterly.

"Heffie," my father exclaimed half frightened, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Leigh entered the room. She tried to speak to me; but I rushed wildly past her into the hall and up-stairs, never pausing till I reached my own room, and there, sinking on the floor beside the sofa, I pressed my head against the pillows and wept as I had not wept for a long while.

Presently I heard a step in the passage. Some one knocked at my door. I did not answer, or even raise my head; I dreaded that they should see my tears. Again the knock was repeated; but I never moved. At length the door opened, and I knew, without looking back, that it was my stepmother who stood near me. She laid her hand gently on my shoulder, saying,

"Heffie, my poor child, what is the matter? Are you ill, or in trouble, or has any one been unkind to you? Do tell me."

But still I did not move, but kept my face buried in the sofa pillow.

"Heffie," she said again, and this time there was even a little sternness in her voice, "Heffie, listen to me. I must speak to you; I must know what all this means."

Her manner quieted me in an instant. I let her raise me from the floor, and, seating herself on the sofa, made me sit beside her, put her arm round me, and drew my head to rest on her bosom. She did not try to stop my tears altogether; they were flowing more quietly now; but I was cold and trembling though my head was burning; and, taking one of my hands, she gently chafed it in her own without speaking a word for some time. At last, as I grew calmer still, she spoke again.

"Heffie, dearest love, why will you not tell me what is troubling this poor little heart so much?"

"Because, because I cannot tell any one. I must not; indeed I must not. Nobody could help me if I did."

"Is it so very bad, dear,—so incurable? Oh, Heffie! I would be to you in your dear mother's place if you would let me,—if you would open your heart to me, and trust me as you would have trusted her. You are too young to bear all this grief alone. Will you not trust me with part of it, at least?"

What right had I to all this tenderness from her, those words of sympathy,—I who, for nearly a whole year, had coldly cast away the love she would have given me? Did I deserve it now? I knew I did not; but that last appeal—so tenderly, so earnestly made—seemed to touch somewhere in my heart a chord that had never thrilled before. My proud, wayward heart was bowed in a moment, powerless to close itself any longer; for she had found the right key, and used it skillfully. Yes, after a year's hard striving (cold and resisting on my side, patient and gentle on hers,) I was conquered at last; and, subdued and humbled as a penitent child, I lay weeping in her arms, depending on her love. And there, in the shadow of the dark November twilight, I told her all my trouble: no, not all, only a part; but she (with the quick insight of her woman's sympathy) guessed the rest. She did not say many words to comfort me. She only said, "My poor child!" But I could feel her silent sympathy far more than words. I felt it in the closer pressure of her arms round me, in the touch of her hand on my hair as she tenderly stroked it from my forehead, and pressed an earnest kiss upon it.

"You are very young, dear," she said, at length, "for such a hard battle; but you will gain the victory if you will ask for strength."

I knew not how long we remained together that evening. I can dimly remember trying to raise my head to ask her forgiveness for the past, and being hardly able to speak for the burning pain in it. And I remember how kindly she helped me to bed, and sat by my side for a long while, till she thought I had fallen asleep; but the next few days I can very faintly recall: they are almost a blank in my memory. I knew that I was very ill, and at one time in danger of dying. I lay in a half-sleeping, half-waking state, having no part in the life that was going on around me. My dreams were restless and distressed; always haunted by that one image—the pillar I had leaned on too long for strength. Once I thought my cousin Arthur and I were walking on the side of a precipice: it was dark and foggy, and every step I was afraid of falling. At last I felt the arm I leaned on growing weak; but I thought it was still strong enough to support me. By degrees, however, it seemed to give way; my foot slipped, for the mist was in my eyes, and I felt myself falling. I cried out in my agony of fear, "Oh, Arthur, save me! do not leave me!" And then in my distress I awoke, to see Agnes bending over me, while she bathed my burning forehead.

"What is the matter?" I said. "Have I been ill? Where am I?"

"In your own room, Heffie, dear. You have been ill; but you are better now," she answered.

"Oh, yes, I am better now. Have you been near me long?"

"Mamma and I have both been with you. We want to make you well and strong again."

"Do you? I thought you could not love me. Why do you stay with me?"

"Stay with you, Heffie! Why should I leave you? You would not send me away, would you?"

"I thought you would hate me. I was unkind, cruel to you."

"Hush, Heffie, that is all over now. Let us try to forget it, shall we? But here is Dr. White coming to see you." And at that moment the door opened, and my stepmother and the doctor came in.

I will not dwell on those days of weakness, and weeks of slow recovery, that were ended at last. I have said that that time, as I see it now, was a troubled evil dream, from which the awaking was calm and tranquil as the clear shining after rain. Yes, the shining came at last; the battle was won, because the strength that won it was not my own. Well, the day arrived—the wedding day—his and hers. I saw them kneel-

ing side by side, and heard the words, "I, Arthur, take thee, Agnes, to be my wedded wife." And in my heart I blessed them, him and her. And so they went away to London, and I tried to fill her place at home; tried to be to them what she had been; and they were very kind and patient with me, and would not let me see how sadly they missed her.

Nearly twenty years have come and gone since then, and many things are changed. My father and stepmother are sleeping side by side in the quiet village churchyard at Riverbank. The old Hall has been sold; but, as the new owner is now abroad, it has a melancholy, deserted look.

Arthur and Agnes have a sunny little home in Devonshire. They are very happy in each other; very happy in their one child, whom they have named Hettie. She is now a fair girl of eighteen, with the image of her mother's youth upon her. And as I gaze into the blue depths of those true, earnest eyes, I think, half-mournfully, half-thankfully, of the old days at Riverbank.

Aunt Rachel has left her pretty cottage at Ashwood, for the new rector and his wife have begged her to make her home with them, the rector's wife being Cousin Lucy.

And I, reader? my home is a small lodging in a quiet street in London—London, "that gathering-place of souls," as Mrs. Browning has called it. I have only two rooms; but they are snug and pleasant enough. And here I live, and write books, and make verses, very thankful if now and then I am allowed to add my little drop of help or comfort to the sea of human charity around me. And I am happy; for though my cup may never be full to the very brim, still I know it is fuller (how much fuller!) than I deserve.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year, - - - - -	$2,00
Two copies, " - - - - - - -	3,00
Four copies, " - - - - - - -	6,00
Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club,	12,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club,	28,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND, - - -	3,00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

For $3 we send ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and THE POST, one year each.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we *prefer* U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities *payable to our order.*

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

THE LADY'S FRIEND,
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF
LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c., too numerous to mention.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last seventeen years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2; Two copies, $3; Four copies, $6; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $12; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $28. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $3.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously, (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

☞ The New York daily newspapers, on or before the first of August, will raise their prices to the *one cent* standard. The advance would have taken place ere now, I understand, but for the disinclination of one establishment to venture upon the experiment. The increased and increasing cost of all the materials that enter into the manufacture of a newspaper has made this step a positive necessity, and one which can no longer be deferred. The ticklers will probably be compelled to further advance their prices also before long. So it is understood.—*Philada. Ledger.*

☞ General George P. Morris, of New York, the editor and poet, died on the 6th inst., in the 63d year of his age. He was well known as a song writer, his most popular piece being "Woodman, Spare that Tree!" Generals Dix, Ward and Sandford, together with Bryant, Willis, Guvenear Kemble, &c., were pall-bearers at his funeral.

☞ A New Haven gentleman proposes building a number of potable cottages, or barracks in sections, transportible by sea or land. Each will accommodate eight persons. They will be erected on the islands in that neighborhood which the inventor has purchased and rented to parties visiting them.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PARIS, June 23, 1864.

If the influx of visitors to any point of the country inhabited by the Court can be taken as a proof of the popularity of the reigning House, the Imperial Family of France must be regarded as the most popular of the reigning families of Europe. St. Cloud, Vichy, the Eaux Bonnes, Biarritz, Compiegne, and Fontainebleau, have all become such favorite places of resort since the Emperor and the Empress have adopted them, that they are widening their limits, and adding new streets, squares, avenues and Boulevards to their old thoroughfares, with a rapidity and vigor equalling, in a small scale, the great reconstructive operations of the capital.

The sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau is the most brilliant portion of its country-doings. The extent and splendor of the palace itself, the beauty of its grounds, the vastness and magnificence of its noble forest, all tend to make it the most imposing of the Imperial residences. The Court stays longer at Fontainebleau than at any of the others; and though the strictness of etiquette is somewhat relaxed, the arrangements at the palace are all made on a scale of great magnificence.

The famous Forest of Fontainebleau contains about 40,000 acres; and the total length of its roads and paths is estimated at about twelve hundred English miles. Through this large extent of woodland, diversified with streams, hills, valleys, and rocks of great picturesque beauty, the public is free to wander at will, and as an enthusiastic admirer of its romantic beauties has just finished his self-imposed task of numbering every one of the beautiful rocks with enormous blue figures, painted on its surface, and corresponding with the numbers in the "Guide-Book to Fointainebleau" just published by him, tourists may, if they please, "do" the woods and ravines of the region as methodically as streets of Pompeii, or the ruins of Rome.

The successive relays of guests invited to share the Imperial hospitalities, pass the mornings in their own apartments or wandering through the gardens, the park, or the forest. The afternoons are devoted sometimes to hunting, but more generally to excursions to the most beautiful and interesting sites of the forest and the neighboring region. The ladies exhaust their taste and ingenuity (or rather those of their milliners and dressmakers) in inventing the most exquisite and fanciful toilettes for these drives. The Emperor, the Empress, Princess Anna Murat, Princess Ghiska, and others, well-known for their riding, always go on horseback; the rest of the guests go in a sort of jaunting-car, open, and holding about a dozen each. All the ladies wear small hats, gay with feathers and ribbons, the skirts of their dresses looped up, and boots or shoes with high heels, and rosettes. The hats, which the Empress was one of the first to adopt in this country, are especially elegant; and each lady prides herself on possessing an assortment of the most original and charming character.

A grand dinner is served in the great Banqueting Hall at 7 o'clock; all the guests being received at the Imperial palace. All assemble in the drawing-room adjoining this Hall, the Emperor and Empress entering a few minutes before the hour of dinner; and making the round of the guests, addressing a few words to each in turn. The major-domo then throws open the folding-doors leading into the Hall, their Majesties, preceded by the Chamberlains, lead the way to the table, followed by the guests, and the repast proceeds with an accompaniment of music executed, on the terrace outside, by the band of the Guides on duty at Fontainebleau. When the weather is fine the public is admitted on Sundays and Thursdays to this terrace to enjoy the music and the sight of the gardens.

After dinner, the Imperial hosts and their guests adjourn to the splendid Gallery of Henri III., the lofty windows of this portion of the palace, the *chef d'œuvre* of Primaticc, open on the beautiful "English Garden," and the effect of the thousands of wax-tapers, the paintings, the lustres, the gildings, and rich draperies of the *suite* of magnificent apartments constituting this "Gallery," with their walls completely covered with paintings, and their brilliant illumination reflected in the water of the large lake outside, is described, by those who have seen it, as something not to be surpassed in its own way.

The Fontainebleau races, or, as they are called here, "The French Ascot," have just taken place with great *eclat*. The race-course is a lovely valley; and all the arrangements of the affair were as gay, elegant, and charming as the details of a painting on one side of the exquisite fans in which Boucher or Watteau have immortalized the doings of the Court beauties of the old French monarchy. Everybody was beautifully dressed; the race-course looked like an expanse of emerald-green velvet; every detail, poles, flags, and stands, as ornate and pretty as possible; and the performance of the splendid military bands added to the festive character of the scene. The Emperor, Empress, and little Prince went about without attendants or any attempt at etiquette; walking about the weighing ring, looking at the horses, and occasionally addressing a few words to persons of their acquaintance. The little Prince, sometimes alone, sometimes with children of his own age, but quite independent of papa, mamma, tutor or attendant, ran up and down the steps of the stands, explored every corner, examined every horse, made his way through the crowd, and seemed to be enjoying himself amazingly. He is growing very handsome; with a fair skin, dark curly hair, and remarkably beautiful blue eyes. His little Highness wore a dark jacket and Knickerbockers, a gray beaver hat, and red stockings; and won admiring comments, even from persons who did not know who he was, for his handsome face, the grace of his movements, and the politeness of his manners.

The Emperor, though a stickler for etiquette, seems to take great pleasure in an occasional *incognito*. A few days ago he came from Fontainebleau to Paris in one of the ordinary trains, without any attendant. On reaching the Paris station, he walked up to the station-master, who was greatly surprised at seeing his Majesty among the passengers, talked with him familiarly for a few moments, and asked him:

"What news is there?"

"Why, sire," replied the station-master, "I have heard of nothing in the way of news. Your Majesty is much more likely to know what is going on than I!"

The Emperor smiled, and the station-master inquired whether he wished to return *incognito*, as he had come, or whether he would prefer a special train.

"Just as you please," replied the Emperor.

"In that case I will have a train ready at any hour your Majesty will have the goodness to name."

"At six o'clock, then, to-morrow evening," returned the Emperor, and touching his hat to the station-master, the Master of France walked leisurely out of the station, got into the first cab he met, and went thus to the Tuileries.

Amongst the miscellaneous gossip that reaches us from the Court, is a little story which is just going the rounds, and seems to be greatly delighting the Parisians.

It seems that, among the persons now staying at one of the principal hotels at Fontainebleau, is a very famous lioness of the *demi-monde*, equally renowned for her beauty, her wit, and the enormous splendor of her toilette. The Duchess of D——, who is also lodging in the same hotel, having heard much of the sumptuousness of the dresses, jewels, &c., of the brilliant Aspasia, was seized with an immense desire to inspect the wardrobe of the adventuress. She accordingly imparted her wish to her maid, desiring her to make the acquaintance of Aspasia's maid, and to gain her over. The Duchess's *suivante* entered zealously into her mistress's views, made friends with the *soubrette* of the adventuress, and lost no time in sounding her on the subject. The latter declared herself willing to gratify the Duchess's wish, but said that the desired inspection could not take place until the next day, as her mistress would be at home all that afternoon and evening. The cunning *soubrette* had got up this answer in order to gain time for consulting her mistress. The latter, informed by her maid of the Duchess's desire, replied: "I give you leave to do what you please; but I think you ought to demand ten Napoleons (20frs. each) for your trouble and your *unfaithfulness*."

The next morning Aspasia obligingly betook herself to the forest for a drive of two or three hours; and the bargain being duly made between the two maids, the Duchess had the satisfaction of looking over the entire wardrobe of the adventuress, in return for the ten Napoleons, as agreed upon. On the following morning the counterpart of this little scene was enacted in the rooms occupied by the Duchess. While the latter was taking her usual morning drive, Aspasia, who had taken a fancy to inspect, in her turn, the toilettes of the *grande dame*, had the satisfaction of passing in review the bonnets, hats, cachmeres, laces, dresses and jewels which figure in the courtly and aristocratic regions into which the modern Aspasias, with their gorgeous finery, are not allowed to penetrate. And when the adventuress, having gratified her curiosity as fully as the Duchess had done, swept out of the lady's rooms, she placed *twenty* Napoleons in the hand of the Duchess's maid.

All the members of the Imperial Family seem bitten with the mania of "improving" their residences. Prince Napoleon has changed the splendid terrace of his palace of Meudon into an exquisite "English Garden," and is writing, meantime, a biographic notice of all the writers of the Imperial Family, of whom the number is much greater than is usually supposed.

Your distinguished fellow-townsman, Dr. Thos. W. Evans, already the happy possessor of a whole galaxy of stars, bestowed on him by his innumerable crowned patients, imperial and royal, has recently had the honor of being summoned to Constantinople, to look after the teeth of the Sultan and the ladies of the Imperial Family. Dr. Evans went out to Constantinople on board a British frigate, as the guest of his personal friend, Sir Henry Bulwer, the representative of Queen Victoria at the Porte, and who happened to be returning to his post after a leave of absence. So delighted was the Sultan with the admirable skill, urbanity and disinterestedness of the renowned professor of the dental art, that he bestowed on him, among other signal marks of favor, the Order of the Osmanie. This Order, created by the present Sultan, in memory of the illustrious Sultan Osman, founder of the reigning dynasty of Turkey, is the highest in the Ottoman Empire, its members taking rank above all others. Admission to this Order is so jealously guarded by the Turkish Government, that *Dr. Evans is the first Christian on whom* [illegible] *has been bestowed.*

And when, on his return to Paris, Dr. Evans showed to the Emperor Napoleon the magnificent insignia of the Osmanie that [illegible] presented to him by the ladies of his imperial patrons, his Majesty, who had never seen the decorations of this new and most exclusive order, examined them with equal interest and curiosity.

It is certainly a curious caprice of Fortune that thus singles out a son of the New World, and a republican, as the recipient of the honors of a greater number of Orders than is probably possessed by any one of their royal and imperial donors.

QUANTUM.

☞ The great screw frigate Pompanoosuc—named from a tributary of the Connecticut river—will be to the screw fleet of 1865 what the Niagara was to that of 1855. She is fully under way at the Boston navy yard, and will soon be framed. She will be the largest wooden man-of-war in the world; the strongest, the most heavily armed, and it is expected the fleetest. Her armament comprises fourteen eleven-inch guns and one or two rifles.

☞ Twenty Tuscarora squaws are working in the fields at Akron, Erie county, N. Y., cultivating the broom corn.

☞ The fragment of a needle which was broken off in the hip of a Boston lady, twenty years ago, has just been extracted from her right hand thumb.

☞ THE EFFECTS OF WHISKEY.—Millions of fish have been poisoned in the Ohio Canal by the discharge of refuse from the extensive distilleries at Troy, and lodge along the banks in such numbers as to cause an intolerable stench. If the refuse of Ohio whiskey carries such death to animals, asks a paper of that region, what must the whiskey itself do?

☞ THE SWIMMING POWERS OF THE DOG.—On Saturday, the 13th of February—the first day of the flood here—as I stood on the top of my domicile, a dog was carried away by the flood; we all saw it from the house-top, and, of course, after the flood included it in the obituary of quadrupeds. He has been heard of again at a station on the Brigalow Creek. He must have swam forty miles before he made *terra firma* again, and must have been swimming all the remainder of the day and night until Sunday evening, when he made the place above mentioned.—*Singleton (Australian) Times.*

☞ The New Jersey pickle crop promises excellence and abundance—the largest ever raised. In Ocean county a single grower has 180,000 bearing trees, and will send 225,000 baskets to market.

THE POST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Within the limits of New England, 'mid the fruitful hills of Maine,
Stands a farm-house, white and spacious, on a southward sloping plain;
And weekly to that household comes a sheet worth thrice its cost,
And we all are quickly gathered to hear mother read the Post.

Oh! well do I remember, oft on Winter eves of yore,
I've stood with anxious longing beside that farm-house door,
Or in the cheery kitchen, from the window scratched the frost,
To watch for father's coming with the much-loved Evening Post.

And now my childhood's over, and years increase my care,
But still I love that paper, with its pages plain and fair;
And often, when I falter, as on Life's billows tossed,
I bury my vexations in the columns of the Post.

We see, by recent numbers, the Post has changed its dress,
But retains its modest merits, and we ne'er will love it less;
'Tis the light of many a hearthstone, and for many years, I trust,
'Twill be welcomed to our circle—the dear old Evening Post. FLORO PARK.

——, *Maine, July 5*, 1864.

A Tropic Storm.

The heat is felt to be unusually great, and not a breath of air stirs in the tree tops. An irresistible languor and desire for rest seize on all of us. The perspiration trickles down the faces and backs of the Indians, and our own clothes cling to the skin. After dinner no one seems inclined for further exertion, except the persevering Manoel, who insists on *prospecting* a little over this new ground for sarsaparilla, and sets off with two of the men, leaving us to rest for a time on the trunk of a fallen tree. After the lapse of an hour, we perceive the air gradually darkening around us; the closeness becomes oppressive, the small birds begin to flit about in an agitated manner, and we feel an uneasy sensation, as though some vague calamity were impending. In a few minutes a dark pall of clouds is seen, through the interstices of the foliage, to be spreading itself overhead, and this quickly obscures the sun, and brings with it a light watery wind from the side whence the clouds have arisen. Lauriano then starts to his feet. "Ahi vem trovoada!" (A squall is coming!) He shouts with all his might after Manoel and the men, but in attempting to repeat the call, his voice is drowned in a hurricane blast, which comes with a deafening roar, swaying the tree-tops, and making the lighter stems bend like bows. A shower of broken branches and heavy masses of air-plants, torn from their anchorages above, falls about us, driving us to the shelter of a large tree. The whole sky has become suddenly black, and in the dim light, the tearing wind, bending boughs and leaves all one way, and driving a stream of fragments before it, produces the effect of a gray torrent sweeping through the wilderness.

A flash of lightning, a rousing thunderclap, and a deluge of rain increase the uproar; the pelting of the heavy drops on the thick canopy of foliage resounds like the beating of waves on the sea-shore, and the thunder, once commenced, continues without intermission in reverberating peals. The tree no longer offers us shelter, and we are drenched to the skin. A half hour elapses before Manoel rejoins us, followed by the men, who have had a narrow escape from being crushed beneath a huge tree that has been uprooted by the storm. After the violence of the wind has abated a little, we set off to return to the canoe. The rain continues to fall in torrents, but this, as generally happens in this sweltering climate, instead of depressing us, has an exhilarating effect, and we are inclined to joke over our discomforts, as we trudge along; and the Indians, who are usually so taciturn, now became quite chatty and companionable. We have no difficulty in finding our way, but have to wade through pools of water that fill all the hollow places, and run great risk of treading on poisonous snakes, which often lie in flooded parts of the forest. No mishap, however, occurs; and we arrive at the encampment in due time, with dripping clothes and ravenous appetites.

As a last night spent in the wilderness, for the purpose of observing the phenomena of animal life, it is a very appropriate one. The heavy rains, following a long period of dry weather, have given a sudden stimulus to all living creatures. Even before the short twilight commences, signs of unusual activity are manifested. The lower trees close to our encampment are animated with large flocks of a pretty little monkey, with flesh-colored face and black mouth (*Callithrix sciurea*), that have come down to the shores of the lake, probably to feed on insects, which instinctive habit has taught them will be out in numbers after the rainfall. They scamper gayly from bough to bough, shaking the heavy drops of moisture in showers into the water. A little distance off, a small party of howling monkeys have taken their station near the summit of a tall tree, and are now venting their unearthly cavernous roar, which forms so great an item in the evening chorus of animals in these solitudes. The water-fowl at the end of the pool are unusually active. Straggling trains of piscoes, a species of water-hen, with extravagantly long legs and toes, which strides as though on stilts, from one water-lily leaf to another, are passing to and fro with disagreeable cackling cry, and disturbing flocks of teal—elegant birds, with chocolate and drab-colored plumage—which utter pleasing whistling notes as they fly from one spot to another. A large speckled gray kingfisher, as big as a crow, which abounds on low bushes on the margin of the water, makes a loud noise; some scores of them ejaculating their notes in succession, or in chorus. Numbers of large gray storks, and herons of various species, increase the animation by frequently changing their places, loudly flapping their wings, and chasing each other. On the higher trees the harsh cawing of parrots is heard, and lower down the melodious songs of swarms of yellow finches and flycatchers. Loud and piercing notes come from the depths of the forest, amongst which can be distinguished the swaggering cachinnation of the laughing eagle, (*Herpetotheres cachinnans*, and the shrill bray of the horned screamer, (*Palamedea cornuta*) cries which wake dull echoes through the wilderness.

When darkness begins to close around, the noises of birds become gradually less numerous; but now the more continuous din of amphibia and insects takes their place. Swamp-frogs, tree-frogs, land-frogs and toads—animals which, during the whole of the dry weather, scarcely made their presence known—now seem to start into new life. There seems to be an almost endless diversity of species, many of which can be distinguished by the difference in their notes. Some of them make a resonant drumming noise; others quack like ducks; others, again, have a plaintive, hooting cry. To these sounds are added the harsh whirring of cicadas in the trees, and the shrill chirping of hosts of locusts concealed in the herbage. When the concert, begun by little preparatory tunings, attains its full swell, the jarring tintinnabulation is deafening, and we have to speak to one another in shouts, in order to make ourselves heard. Clouds of winged insects, mostly ants on the swarm, rise in the air, and are pursued by wheeling flocks of goatsuckers and large bats; whilst other hosts are attracted by the fires of the encampment, and alight on our clothing, or drown themselves in the hot coffee which is being served round to us, seated on the mats. Out upon the lake the fire-flies are moving about, their pale phosphorescent lamps twinkling amongst the dark foliage, or swaying in pendulum motion above the tree-tops.

It is a great contrast to the comparative inactivity and stillness of preceding nights; our companions do not like it, but to us there is a charm and hidden meaning in this grand chorus of life. We ourselves have felt the cheering effects of the cooling showers on our spirits after the depressing heat of the preceding days, and why should not also the varied heats of our lowly fellow-creatures? In some parts of the country this ringing music is of daily occurrence, but it is always more vivacious after refreshing afternoon rains. To our minds, it is as the evening hymn of the animal creation: it speaks of the gladness of heart felt in the midst of this genial nature, and gives the impression of general contentment, exuberant life, and easy subsistence.—HENRY WALTER BATES.

Origin of Famous Names.

It is a vulgar notion, that some names are necessarily noble and romantic, while others are necessarily mean and base. Names are beautiful only in their associations. Worth, valor, genius, learning, have converted syllables into poems, and words into histories. Look the British Peerage through, and in that bright list there is, perhaps, not one which does not seem to the eye and the imagination picturesque. Yet in their beginnings most of them had nothing in sound or spelling that could be considered glorious. Howard is a Hogward; Seymour is a tailor; Leicester is a weaver; Percy is a gross fellow; Butler is a cellar man; Stewart is a domestic servant. Vaen, Vere, Hyde, and Pole, sound the reverse of heroic. Hay is not intrinsically nobler than straw. How is it, then, that Hay has come to represent the pink of aristocracy? Straw the lowest of vulgar cheats? Simply by association. Would the complainants originally like to have been called Blant, Craven, or Gore? There is nothing in Grey more attractive than Brown, as to either sound or letters. Indeed, Grey is a shade or so less vigorous than its rival Brown. Would any one like to have been known as Roper and Touchet if these family names had ever been immortalized by noble deeds? We do not know that Gimlet has a more familiar look than Bacon, Petty, Peel, and Pitt. Yet these have become by association some of the most reverential and gracious of English names. Milton, Sackville, and Shelley, are not necessarily aristocratic and poetical. Had they not been glorified by genius and by rank, they would perhaps have been included in Mr. Buggey's list. Churchill, Fuller, Kidd, Quarles, Donne, Bowles, Savage, Quincey, and Dickens, now household words, borne by some of the choicest of our national poets and humorists, would certainly have been so. Not much better as to sound are Cowper, Lamb, and Bulwer. People used to laugh and joke at Cecil. Talbot and Talmarsh would be considered vulgar. Every one considers Raleigh a very romantic name, but in Sir Walter's time it was open to very bad puns. The same with Drake.

Coke, too, would be thought low had it not been illuminated by the author of the "Institutes," and the owner of Haikham. In the absence of Sir Christopher, would Mr. Tigg like to have been called Wren? Had there been no erudite giant of that name, would not Check have been voted intolerable? In truth scarcely anything depends on the letter, everything on the connection of ideas. Solomon was the wisest of men, and his name is one of the noblest in literature; yet no prudent father, unless he were a Jew, would give it to his child, because in the present generation it happens to be ludicrously associated with old clothes. In its Saracenic form, Solomon, it would be considered magnificent. A current jest will destroy the picturesque beauty of the most famous names; a living Pompey would be set down as a nigger, a living Cæsar treated as a dog. Cymon is a name which would attract the female eye, and perhaps, even reconcile it to the adjunct Smyth. Mrs. Cymon Smyth would have an air upon a card. But the fine feminine instinct would recoil from Simon. And why the difference? Is it not because Cymon is associated with Iphigenia, and Simon with the simpleton—who met a pie-man coming from a fair? One of the objectionable names, to remove which from the face of the earth all gods and men are called to aid, is Vilain. Yet the Hogwards and Stywards were all Vilains; and one of the proudest houses of Europe, that of Count Vilain the Fourteenth, rejoices in the obnoxious name.

☞ It has often been said, that a woman with a hazle eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort for her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, and is altogether an entertaining, agreeable and lovely companion. We never knew but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose as sharp as a marling-spike. The grey eye is the sign of shrewdness and talent. Great women and great men have grey eyes. In women, however, it indicates a better head than heart. The blue eye is admirable, but may be feeble. The black eye, take care!

☞ A Wisconsin man has been lodged in jail for getting up one night, not long ago, and drowning two of his sons, seven and ten years old. He excused his crime by saying he expected to go to hell himself, but wanted to get a place in Heaven for his children.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB CORE, *Treasurer*, *N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Philada.*

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

MRS. M. B. GRIER, *Chairman.*
MRS. B. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.*
MRS. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.*
MRS. P. M. CLAPP, *Assis. Sec.*
} Ex-Officio.
MRS. W. H. FURNESS.
MRS. LATHROP.
MISS M. M. DUANE.

After this week, we shall for the present discontinue the use of these columns, which have been so kindly given us by the obliging editors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST. This is partly due to the absence of the Corresponding Secretary, and partly to a change of plan.

We have decided to address our contributors more directly by the use of circulars, as occasion may demand. The Sanitary Commission Bulletin will be regularly mailed, as usual, to all our auxiliary societies.

We give additional extracts from Mrs. Holstein's journal.

CITY POINT, VA., Sunday, June 19th.

Like all of our Sundays in Virginia, this, as usual, has been a day of hard work instead of a day of rest. Early this morning, before our cooking establishment could be started, the wounded came straggling in, all those whose wounds were of such a nature as to admit of their walking, did so; dusty, weary and hungry, the poor fellows came, looking longingly at anything to eat. We had one cauldron started, and from that time until eight in the evening it was a busy scene, making milk punch, lemonade, &c., with crackers; these things were given to them while yet in the ambulances—made 4 large cauldrons of soup and 2 of farina. The wounded are *packed* in tents, and scattered thickly over the ground without shelter.

All this day's work has been done by Sanitary Commission except 100 rations of hard tack, sugar and coffee, turned over to us by the train just in from the "front," which had not been used on the way.

June 20th. Commenced at 5 A. M. From that hour until the present have not had one leisure moment; three times to-day we fed 600 men, not counting stragglers—"the maimed, the halt and the blind," who received a cup of soup, a little farina, crackers or tea, as the need might be, Sanitary Commission still supplying all, until this evening government rations are drawn.

June 22d. More wounded filling up the tents; our number for the day 525 each meal. This statement is made from the daily written reports. Exceedingly busy waiting upon the wounded as they lie upon the ground, sheltered by a "fly." Several died as soon as they were lifted from the rough wagons; others are fast "passing away." One man, almost with his parting breath, gave his name, company and regiment, and then *slept* to wake no more to pain and agony. One little French boy was so low that he could scarcely speak, and as I quietly went on sponging his face and hands I noticed his quivering lip, and that from his firmly closed eyes tears were trickling. Perhaps it may have reminded him of his mother's or sister's care.

June 23rd. Intensely warm—not a breath of air stirring—heavy cannonading all night—continued during the day. Another train of wounded for our tents, with a repetition of scenes of suffering, unconscious moans of the dying, and distant cannonading are the last sounds we are conscious of.

June 24th. Weather the same. Clouds of dust fill the air, so that by 5 P. M. the river, which is but about a square from us, is invisible, and rows of tents are obscured, which stand but a few yards from our street. My little French boy still lives.

June 25th. An additional number of wounded, a miserable looking party, are sheltered under the "fly." A number of amputation cases, and many very serious wounds, and many very ill with fever.

Dined upon sour krout! and green peas! from Sanitary Commission!

June 26th.—A friend carried to-day, in his basket, such a medley of niceties to the tents, that the result is worthy of note. First in importance, as it seemed, were some hundred jews'-harps, (!) puzzles, and games of all kinds by the gross, checker-boards, &c., nice handkerchiefs by the dozen, paper, pencils, and envelopes, towels, and then tobacco, a treasure equal in value to coffee, the soldiers think. I really envied my friend the pleasure of distributing such rarities; and when he returned with his pleasant account of the merry time he had had with the music, I knew that contribution, from whatever source it may have come, did a great deal towards making hours, which otherwise would have seemed burdened with suffering, pass lightly by.

Thin white spreads are badly needed, in lieu of the heavy blankets, to use during the day. Men whose wounds are of such a nature that drawers cannot be worn, require some light covering like a sheet. There are willing hands enough at home, I know, to prepare them,—here we could direct their use.

June 27th.—Morning comes, with the same burning heat, which prostrates so many; no air stirring. Three hundred sent off from our corps. Miss Dix called; busy, as usual.

June 28th.—Sent 300 on the boat from our corps. The New York boy breathed his last as soon as he was returned to his tent; sent a ring taken from his finger to his sister. The cooler weather since the shower a great relief, making a decided change in the number of deaths. On the 26th, 45 were buried; to-day, 17.

Received a most grateful letter from a mother, to whom I had written of the death of her son. Alone and among strangers, like thousands of others, he "fell asleep."

June 29th.—Another 200 sent off; all walking cases, but such walkers as are not often seen outside of a field hospital. I happened to be passing as the sad procession came limping by; and, of course, stopped to give them a kindly word as they went, half a mile to the boat. The first thing that would strike a stranger, or one unaccustomed to such sights, would be the odd collection of dress, or, in some cases, the want of it; some in stocking feet, others needing caps, almost all wearing shirt and drawers; those with slighter wounds dressed fully. Many who are really unfit to go, yet hobble down—to walk as they say—and thus hope the sooner to get home. As the motley crowd came nearer, the first sentences I heard were from the "advance guard," the best walkers of the party, who sung out, "Here we come—reinforcements for Grant." Another calls, "Keep step, left, left." "We are the crippled brigade," said his comrade. "This is war," in a sadder tone said a very sick and faint-looking corporal, as he passed on. Some, too ill to raise their eyes, moved slowly and painfully on, step by step, through the burning sand to the boat. Firing and heavy cannonading, at intervals, during last night and to-day. It may mean nothing, or it possibly is a great event for us. Some surgeons sent us from "the front."

June 30th.—Nothing new to note. Little Albert slightly better, and sent off by boat, with 200 others; very much such a crowd as left yesterday. Two bodies carried up from the boat, wrapped in their blankets, signifying that they had fought their "last battle." They died while waiting on the wharf for their turn to be carried on board. A gentleman from New York called to procure his brother's body. He died eight days' since. Very dusty; weather little cooler.

An odd-looking party of contrabands passed by, carrying, as usual, their worldly wealth upon their heads and shoulders. One man had a box, as high as he was; another, numberless packages. A little fellow, of 5 or 6, dressed in one garment, had a stove-pipe hat upon his head, of the style of twenty years ago, and carried a huge cotton umbrella. Little *nigs* of every size came trotting on behind. Everywhere they were greeted with shouts.

July 2d.—The night warm. Disturbed with firing. An engine and hose sent down by the Christian Commission, to supply water to the camps, and to sprinkle the streets.

Mr. Judd just in from the front. He went with four wagons, loaded with onions tomatoes, pickles, tobacco, and such good things, to distribute. They were all given to *men lying in trenches*. It was something so new to care for the *well* men that thoughtful, kind way, that their thanks were overwhelming. Officers were very glad to have such food for their men, and gave every assistance needed. They went through the corps by regiments, and will continue the work. It is one of immense good to the army. Men will fight all the better when they know that the Sanitary Commission cares for them while in health, *before* they fall.

July 3d.—Dusty and warm—many suffering from the heat—not over sixty men in our section. General Grant rode through camp alone—plainly dressed, as usual. Unattended he walked through the wards. Soon after Gen. Ingalls, in full dress, with one orderly, rode by. General Grant has gone to the front this afternoon. The general impression is that to-morrow there must be a battle.

July 4th.—This memorable day has, here, been almost like a *real Sunday*, so universally quiet is it. Cannonading heard this afternoon, but nothing to indicate a battle such as all the North is looking for.

Mr. H. returned from the front, pretty well used up with the work of distributing to regiments. Slept in the wagon. Could look into Petersburg and see the hour by the town clock. Our batteries were shelling the depot in the town while they were there, for the purpose of preventing the rebs using the railroad. The "Petersburg Express," as they called our gun, sent its compliments every fifteen minutes into the town during all the night.

July 5th.—To-day a surgeon told me that he had a young man under his care he *knew* must die, and attending carefully to him, the man asked, in a cool, calm way: "Doctor, what is to be the result—life or death?" The Doctor replied: "You have *one* chance in ten that you may live." He was still a moment, and then said, with a bright happy look: "Better than that, Doctor. God is good." "Well, my boy," said the surgeon, "*that* chance is the best." He has all the care that can be given him, but with a shattered thigh, the *chance* is even less than the doctor stated.

July 6th.—"All quiet along the Apomattox." Dust seems to be the only thing that moves about freely—that whitens trees and everything it rests upon.

The 3d Division of 6th Corps passed here to-day, to embark on transports, going north to look after Gen. Ewell's Corps. You at home perhaps may know what is going on sooner than we who are so near the rebel lines.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies, since the last report:—

PENNSYLVANIA.

Soldiers' Aid, Lewisburg, Union co., Mrs. Dr. Dickson, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Bedford, Bedford co., Miss Mary F. Barclay, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Hamilton, Warne co., N. F. Hamlin, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Espy, Columbia co., Mrs. M. C. Edgar, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Birchardville, Susquehanna co., 1 bbl; Mrs. Laura Vosburg, Russell Hill, Wyoming co., 2 kegs butter; Miss Pennock, 1 pkg; S. E. Hambleton, Elkview, Chester co., 1 box; School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid Society, Lehman, Luzerne co., Mrs. Jemima Wolf, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, church of the Holy Trinity, through Miss Lea, 1 pkg.; Sanitary Aid, Miss Smith, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; a little boy, through Miss Stocker, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Reading, Berks co., Miss Clara C. Gries, Sec'y, 1 keg pickles; Soldiers' Aid, Tyrone, Blair co., H. H. Roedel, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Mrs. Biddle, 1210 Walnut st., 1 pkg.; Whitpain Ladies' Aid, Centre Square, Montgomery co., Sallie A. Conard, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Pittston, Luzerne co., Mrs. N. T. Robertson, Sec'y, 1 keg pickles, 1 bale; Soldiers' Aid, Chatham Valley, Tioga co., Mrs. E. Irene Toles, Sec'y, 1 keg pickles, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Canton, Bradford co., Mrs. W. S. Baker, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Owen, Ward st., Phila., 1 pkg.; Jessup & Moore, pkg. lint; Mite Society, Bethlehem, 1 pkg., Mrs. Abram S. Schropp; Pottsville, Mrs. Petherick, 1 pkg.

NEW JERSEY.

Mrs. A. E. Weeks, Miss R. B. Bote, Fishing Creek, Cape May co., 1 box.

☞ There are already in Colorado, a territory just formed, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 Universalist, 1 Congregational, 1 Presbyterian, and 1 Catholic church: total, 7. This is in a territory just begun to be populated, known and organized. It speaks well for the character of the population.

☞ Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood, or rather the cause of the circulation, is beginning to be disputed; for blushing, sudden paleness of the face, flushings and chillness of the body frequently occur without any disturbance or modification of the heart's action. The steady movement of the blood in the capillaries, the circulation through the liver without the intervention of any impulsive force, the fact that after death the arteries are usually found empty, among other things, cannot be accounted for on the hypothesis that the heart is the sole mover of the blood. The new theory is that the action is a chemical one.

The Camel.

In cities, in fairs, or other much-frequented places, the camel seems habitually dull; but no sooner does he find himself in the desert, than his spirits return; he snuffs the sweet air, he looks gladly over the unimpeded landscape, he feels himself at home; and if his rider be familiar to him, trots away at the rate of twelve or thirteen miles an hour without the least urging. In cases of necessity, he can, as we have already remarked, knock off eighteen or twenty miles in the same period. One of the pleasures of this mode of travelling, not often noticed, is the great height of the rider from the ground, preserving him from the fierce heat reflected from the sand, which on an ass, or even on a horse, sometimes scorches the face; but aloft on the camel's saddle, the air is comparatively cool, and rendered more so by the swift pace of the animal. Owing to the structure of his foot, he does not sink in the sand, but spreading the sole as he goes, appears to fly over the surface rather than to gallop. Although his eye appears dull, his sight is long and piercing; and in the fineness of the sense of smelling, is perhaps exceeded by no other animal, since he can scent water, which has scarcely any odor at all, at the distance of a mile and a half, or two miles: we should even say, from observation, that he can scent it more than twice as far, for, on approaching the Nile from the desert, we have known him voluntarily to quicken his pace at the distance of four or five miles. The delight imparted by immense heat, which appears to confer upon some individuals a sixth sense, will continue during eight or ten hours, bubbling, seething, and thrilling through the frame like a sublime intoxication; but by degrees weariness and languor succeed, thirst makes itself felt, and as the sun nods toward the west, the eye glances about wistfully in search of a clump of palm-trees or a rock, the usual indications of a fountain. Upon discovering the well-known signal, the dromedary rears his head, turns, gives his rider a look of encouragement, and then, if not quite subdued by fatigue, bolts off at full speed. How many days he can go without drinking, has never perhaps been exactly ascertained—in fact, the power of endurance varies greatly in different individuals—but it has been stated, on very good authority, that the dromedary can subsist nine days without water, though exposed the whole time to a heat resembling that of a furnace. It is certain that when the camel does drink, he always appears to be laying in a stock for a week or so, and he has even been known to swallow seven gallons and a half, or thirty quarts of water at one time. This allows three quarts a day for ten days, which, though not sufficient properly to quench the thirst of so large an animal, may yet be enough to keep him alive. Comparative anatomy, which has indulged in a legion of experiments on the structure of much inferior animals, has not extended a proper degree of attention to the camel. It has, no doubt, been ascertained that this extraordinary creature possesses one stomach more than other mammalia; but curiosity has not been sufficiently busy with that immense bladder, streaked with sanguine veins, which the animal sometimes blows out of its mouth in spring. In strings of thirty or forty, we have noticed, during the greatest heat of the day, a majority amusing themselves after this fashion. On such occasions they will raise their heads, look around wildly, and then, with a strange offensive noise, draw up the bag from their throats, and blow it out inflated to its fullest extent, as if to cool it by the touch of the external air. In a few minutes they would suffer it to collapse, and suck it back with a ruckling noise into their throats. Is not this bag intended to contain, in addition to the fifth stomach, a supply of fresh water? And is it not in this that travellers, when compelled to kill their dromedaries to preserve their own lives in the Sahara, find the pure transparent fluid spoken of on such occasions? The water in the fifth stomach is never, we believe, found, upon dissection, to be quite clear, but in some cells a little muddy, in others yellow.

It is during a sand-storm, or on the approach of the simoom, that the camel displays the most striking proofs of sagacity. Before the human eye can detect the swiftly-approaching column of yellow or lurid gas which instantly strikes dead all creatures that breathe it, the camel discerns the danger, and uttering a wild roar, turns round and plunges his nose into the sand. The traveller also, who springs instantly to the earth, presses his face against the face of the desert, tightly closes his lips, and protects his nostrils with both hands. What signs of suffering or agitation the poor dromedary exhibits, the traveller is too much terrified to observe, but he himself experiences throughout his frame, first a quivering shooting-pain, then a numbness and paralysis of all the limbs and vital functions, which prolonged for many seconds would be death. But the mysterious vapor which comes almost like lightning, in the same manner departs. In many cases, the sudden death of the beast and his rider reveals the fatal power of the simoom; but when they escape with life, the process of reviving from the stroke resembles that experienced by patients after a long illness—languor, feebleness, prostration of the whole system, giddiness of the head, dimness of sight, a partial loss of memory, and a bewilderment of ideas. Europeans flee to brandy as a remedy, the Arabs to coffee; while the camel kneeling as if under a heavy burden, groans, grunts, and looks ruefully about upon the waste.

One means of keeping up the strength of this faithful beast, which seems never to have occurred to the inhabitants of Eastern Africa, or else to be neglected through indolence, is habitually practiced in the Moggreb or Western Desert; the owner going before, or a little on one side, breaks or plucks up whatever shrub or plant he perceives suited to the camel's taste, and gives it to him as he walks along; and the vegetable juices thus obtained supply the want of water. Another great advantage arises from this policy of the Moggrebyns; it produces a kindly feeling, closely resembling affection, between the master and his beast, and inspires the latter with so much trust and confidence, that when for whole days nothing is given him, he seems to understand that it is only because there is nothing to be had.

Some naturalists have given currency to the opinion that the camel is not found in India; but this is an error, since in all ages it has abounded in the great sandy plains north of the Nerbuddah, where, in the time of Akhbar, it constituted the sole wealth of some tribes, individuals among whom were said to possess herds of ten thousand. In Persia, in Khorassan, in Asia Minor, in the Crimea, on the plains of the Kuban, throughout the steppes of Central Asia, and in China, the camel is the common beast of burden. Mongol nobles journey on dromedaries to the court of Peking, and sometimes harness them to carriages. When ladies travel, whether in Northern or Southern Asia, their favorite mount is the camel, on which they are placed in a very peculiar manner: two capacious panniers are slung, one on either side the animal, furnished with soft cushions. In these two ladies seat themselves, and are protected from the sun's rays by a silken canopy, supported on slender gilded poles rising from the corners of the panniers. Here, at their ease, they chat with each other, smoke, or nurse their babies, and are occasionally lulled to sleep by the drowsy motion of the animal.

The young foal of the camel, when frisking after his mother, has a sort of ungainly prettiness, which is almost comic, especially when the owner determines upon weaning it. A coarse net-work of rope is then tied over the dam's breasts, against which the young camel, in search of his usual nourishment, dashes his nose in a sort of petulant fury. He will go on, however, making attempts for about eight or ten days, after which he coolly abandons the enterprise, and takes to ordinary food, thorns and thistles, and the coarsest herbage produced by the sterile soil of the desert. To reconcile the young cameling to his lot, the Kirghis adorn his head with gay-colored ribbons and long streamers, which, as he gambols about, dance and flutter in the air. Camel's milk, in all the countries where the animal flourishes, is an article in great request, both as a beverage and for the purpose of making cheese and butter; but it does not seem to yield that strong spirit which is extracted from mare's milk in all parts of Tartary, and enables the wandering hordes to enjoy the delights of intoxication. In Arabia and Northern Africa, the fine hair of the camel, which the animal sheds once a year, is woven into fabrics little less soft and beautiful than the shawls of Cashmere. A white burnoos of this material, manufactured in Tunis or Fez, hooded and tasselled with floss silk, sometimes sells in the bazaars of Cairo or Damascus for twenty-five or thirty pounds, according to its whiteness and lustre. Nor is this at all surprising, since very few camels are white, the common color being brown, varying occasionally almost to black. Of the coarse, long hair, which, as in the shawl-goat, covers and conceals the down, ropes and tents are made. Hence the expression which occurs perpetually in the Arab poets, "the black tents of Oman or Nejed;" and in the Songs of Solomon, "the black tents of Kedar."

The camel is said to be found wild in the deserts lying east of the Himalaya. But this may be doubted, since the animal shuns forests, and there is no steppe of sufficient extent to withdraw crowds of so large a beast from the notice of man. It is equally erroneous to regard him as a native of Tibet, a country so lofty, cold, and desolate that even the shaggy horse of Britain finds it difficult to subsist there. It may safely be affirmed that the camel exists everywhere in bondage—sometimes the slave of the slave, but always industrious, patient, and addicted to toil. We have seen him harnessed to the plough with an ass, and drawing a cart side by side with a buffalo; we have beheld him move through the eternal gyrations of a water-wheel assisted by a skeleton of a horse; but his proper place is the desert, where both he and his rider are exhilarated by the buoyant and elastic air. The only inconvenience attending the use of the camel as a saddle animal is the awkwardness of mounting or descending. He squats on the ground, and you get into the saddle; you utter a sound which no combination of letters can represent, and up he starts, first with his hind-legs, which nearly pitches you over his head, and then with his fore-legs, which sends you back with equal violence. In dismounting, it is much the same—you utter the mysterious guttural sound, and down he goes, plump, doubling his fore-legs under him, and then quietly bringing the hind-legs to bear in the same long folds; after which he lies at his ease, and begins to ruminate whether your neck be broken or not. With all his faults, however, we regard him as a friend, since we have seldom passed pleasanter hours than those spent in the burning sun upon his back, with the golden sand beneath, and a boundless horizon before us.

The Hair.

The quality and color of the hair was a subject of speculative theory for the ancients. Lank hair was considered indicative of pusillanimity and cowardice, yet the head of Napoleon was guiltless of a curl. Frizzly hair was thought an indication of coarseness and clumsiness. The hair most in esteem was that terminating in ringlets. Dares, the historian, states that Achilles and Ajax and Telemon had curling locks; such also was the hair of Timon, the Athenian. As to the Emperor Augustus, nature had favored him with such redundant locks that no hair-dresser in Rome could produce the like. Auburn, or light brown hair was thought the most distinguished, as portending intelligence, industry, a peaceful disposition, as well as great susceptibility to the tender passion. Castor and Pollux had brown hair, so also had Menelaus. Black hair does not appear to have been esteemed by the Romans; but red was an object of aversion. Ages before the time of Judas, red hair was thought a mark of reprobation, both in the case of Typhon, who deprived his brother of the sceptre of Egypt, and Nebuchadnezzar, who acquired it in expiation of his atrocities. Even the donkey tribe suffered from this ill-omened visitation, according to the proverb of "wicked as a red ass." Asses of that color were held in such detestation among the Copts, that every year they were in the habit of sacrificing one by hurling it from a high wall.

☞ A gentleman travelling in the upper part of Napa county, California, one day stopped to take lunch at a house on the road. Before leaving, he had quite a chat with the owner of the premises, and among other questions inquired how that neighborhood kept the Sabbath, there being no churches in the vicinity. "For all that," said the farmer, "we keep the Sabbath—every Sunday—breaking colts, riding round the country, and fishing!"

☞ Seeds of the *Cucurbitaceæ*, as melons, squashes, cucumbers, &c., if kept several years, will produce more fruit than new seed, for the reason that they run less to vine."

☞ While everything else is going up, it is gratifying to know that the high bonnets now in fashion are coming down. The Empress Eugenia has decreed it. She has adopted a bonnet of small round shape, encircling the oval of the face, and almost always garnished with a fringe, either of jet, white beads, or straw, which falls upon the hair.

LATEST NEWS.

A letter from the Army of the Potomac, dated July 14th, says, the night before last the Second Corps was marched out to the works thrown up by the Sixth Corps near the Weldon Railroad. A flank movement on the part of the enemy was anticipated. General Hancock had his corps massed near the Williams House. No enemy showed himself.

There have been a couple of fights near Jackson and Clinton, considerable towns of Mississippi, in both of which the rebels were repulsed and some prisoners taken. The railroad is running between Jackson and Vicksburg.

The rebels have been driven from Nansemond county, Virginia.

A rebel band, supposed to number five to fifteen thousand men, has entered Kentucky by way of Pound Gap. Preparations are making to repulse them.

Semmes is said to have got the Rappahannock, formerly the British sloop-of-war Victor, and to have manned her from the Alabama's crew. He intends to attack the Kearsarge with an overpowering force. The steam frigate Niagara has now arrived out, and may give assistance to the Kearsarge.

THE PENINSULA FORTIFICATIONS.—Hundreds of miles of earthworks have been built by the Army of the Potomac within the last thirty days. From the Rapidan to the Chickahominy these war furrows have mutilated and torn the bosom of Virginia. Twenty years hence, and the tourist will delve in the sandy soil for an old canteen, a battered ball, a piece of shell, or a rusty bayonet. These works are all strong—they are permanent, and for centuries will be like great seams upon the land's surface. The men who built them, consecrated the ramparts with their blood, and piled the trenches with the rebel dead, will most of them have passed mournfully away to join the solemn procession of generations. Now there can always be found a spot where the battle raged hottest, and the leaden death flew thickest. Twenty mounds of earth, each one marked by a hasty, unpretending head-board, can always be seen. In a short time the elements will level the rudely-shaped mound, and all that will betray the quiet resting-place of the dead warrior will be the unusual rankness of the grass over that spot beneath which reposes his toil and war-worn frame.—*Army Correspondence Washington Chronicle.*

CHILDREN.—A friend of ours—a publisher—once thought of re-publishing a Christmas story from a large English collection which he had imported. He made his selection, and gave the balance to his little son to read. Next day the boy rushed to his father with one of the stories in his fist, and, with glowing face and sparkling eyes, exclaimed: "O, father! this is a story for Christmas! It's a real stunner, and will take down the world!" The father published both. His boy's selection went through four editions; his own still lies unsold on his shelves.

We know a little chubby-faced boy, who, being taken down town, and suited to a new jacket and pants by his father, made the following remark as they were about to take the cars for home: "Now, father, you have spent so much money on me to-day, that I can't bear to have you spend any more; so you just jump in the car and ride home, and I'll trot along on the sidewalk, and save you three cents." There was thoughtfulness for an eight-year old!—*Exchange.*

☞ Miss Olympia Brown has been installed pastor of the First Universalist Society of Boston. She is twenty-three years old, and the graduate of some theological school.

☞ Miss Jane Pishon, exhibited by Barnum as Miss Jane Campbell, the fat woman, died at Brookfield, Conn., recently. Her greatest weight was 680 pounds. Ten men were needed to place her in her coffin, and the house-door had to be enlarged for its removal.

☞ A SEVERE CRITICISM.—There is a good sense of drollery in the fact that the prisoners of Clichy returned Alexander Dumas' works, of which he had made them a present, with the remark that the effort to read and be amused by them would considerably enhance the severity of the punishment they were already suffering.

☞ A CHILD IN THE WOODS.—A little boy was lost in the woods at Calumut, near Chicago, a week ago, and lived on strawberries four days and nights. He was nearly exhausted when some children found him.

☞ The Cincinnati Times states that the fortifications around that city cover an area of nine miles, have eighty pieces of cannon of large calibre, and two hundred rounds of ammunition to each gun.

☞ A National Sailor's Fair is to be held in Boston, to found a home for disabled sailors and marines from the navy. The country does not forget her defenders, either on sea or shore.

☞ Hurra originated among the eastern nations where it was used as a war cry—from the belief that every man who died in battle for his country, went to heaven. It is derived from the Sclavonic word "Hurragh," which means "To Paradise."

☞ Theodore Hook was a convivial man, and often entered a drawing-room after a dinner party not quite in such a state as to be fit company for the ladies, one of whom, being intimate with him, on one of these occasions handed him a tract entitled "Three Words to a Drunkard." The wit read out the title very deliberately, and answered, "I suppose they are—pass the bottle."

☞ CURE FOR LICE ON CATTLE.—A correspondent of the North British Agriculturist says he has found that sweet cream rubbed on the parts affected speedily relieves the animal of these insects.

☞ The Orthodox Church in Augusta, Maine, recently was struck by lightning and entirely destroyed. The loss in the building is nearly $22,000, and on the organ $5,000.

☞ MARKING TREES.—The Gardener's Chronicle has hit upon a happy way of identifying trees, namely to cut the name of the fruit into the bark. A decent scratch is sufficient. It will last the lifetime of the tree.

☞ Cats, which so disturb the inhabitants of civilized countries by their midnight "caterwaul," are, in their wild state in South America, quite silent. What a pity it is that they are not all wild.

☞ The barking of dogs is an acquired hereditary instinct, supposed to have originated in an attempt to imitate the human voice. Wild dogs, and domestic breeds which have become wild, never bark, but only howl.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

'Midst tangled roots that lined the wild ravine,
Where the fierce fight raged hottest through the day,
And where the dead in scattered heaps were seen,
Amid the darkling forests shade and sheen,
Speechless in death he lay.

The setting sun, which glanced athwart the place
In slanting lines, like amber-tinted rain,
Fell sideways on the drummer's upturned face,
Where death had left his gory finger's trace
In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once bright eye
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair;
His lips were parted by a long-drawn sigh,
That with his soul had mounted to the sky
On some wild martial air.

No more his hand the fierce tattoo shall beat,
The shrill reveille, or the long roll's call,
Or sound the charge when in the smoke and heat
Of fiery onset, foe with foe shall meet,
And gallant men shall fall.

Yet may be in some happy home that one,
A mother, reading from the list of dead,
Shall chance to view the name of her dear son,
And move her lips to say, "God's will be done!"
And bow in grief her head.

But more than this what tongue shall tell his story?
Perhaps his boyish longings were for fame;
He lived, he died, and so, *memento mori*,—
Enough if on the page of War and Glory,
Some hand has writ his name.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXXII.

ENTERING ON A NEW HOME.

For once London was bright. A glorious spring day late in March had gladdened the spirits of the metropolitan world, dreary with the fogs and rains of the passing winter, and as the street passengers looked up at the clear blue sky, the shining sun, they said to each other that the day was a foretaste of summer.

The sun drew to its setting, and its red rays fell on the terminus of the Great Western Railway at Paddington; on all the bustle and confusion of a train just in. Amidst the various vehicles driving out of the station with their freight, was a cab, containing two ladies dressed in deep mourning, one of whom, the elder, had not recovered from the pushing about to which she had been subjected in the confusion of arrival, and was protesting that she should not recover it, and that there ought to be arrangements made to protect lady-travellers from such. On the box beside the driver was a—was he a gentleman, or was he a servant? If the latter, he was certainly a most superior one in looks, but the idle people standing about and casting their eyes up to the passing cabs were taking him no doubt for the former. The luggage piled up on the top of the cab and on the front seat of the inside, seemed to say that these travellers had come from a distance.

In point of fact, they had come from Hallingham, for they were no other than Miss Davenal and her niece, and the gentleman on the box was Neal. Miss Davenal kept up her chorus of complaint. It had begun with the discomforts attendant on the arrival of a large train at the terminus, and it would be continued, there was little doubt, for ever and a day; for though Miss Bettina had come to London by her own free decision, she had come solely against her will.

"Jostling! pushing! hustling! roaring! It is a *shame* that ladies should be subjected to such. Why don't they manage things better?"

"But, Aunt Bettina, you need not have been in the bustle. If you had but seated yourself in the fly, as Neal suggested, and allowed him to see after the luggage—"

"Hold your tongue, Sara. What was one pair of eyes to look after all the luggage we have got? I chose to see it as well as Neal; and I say that the way you get pushed about is shameful. My firm belief is, we have lost at least ten of the smaller packages."

"No, no, aunt, they are all here; I counted them as they were brought to the fly."

"Yes, that's about all you are good for! counting the flys! I'd spend my moments to a little more purpose. Good heavens! we shall be run down! If this is London, I wish I had never heard of it."

The fly threaded its way amidst the crowded streets and its inmates' terrors—for Sara was little less timid than her aunt—until it drew up before a small house in Pimlico, small as compared with their house at home. Miss Davenal looked up at it and gave a groan; and Neal opened the fly door.

"Is *this* the place, Neal? It is dreadfully small."

"I think you will find it convenient, ma'am. It is better inside than out."

Better inside than out! It was new and fresh and pleasant looking; but to poor Miss Davenal it appeared, as she had said, dreadfully small. Sara seemed less disagreeably impressed. She had not anticipated great things; and it was of very little consequence to her where she lived now. In reality, it was rather a nice house, of moderate size; but Miss Davenal was estimating it by comparison—as we all estimate things.

She turned herself about in the small passage in dismay. A door on the left led into the parlor, the room they would use for dining; about four such could have been put into the dining-room at Hallingham. The staircase would not admit of two abreast; and right in front of it, at the top, was the drawing-room, a light, cheerful apartment, with one large window. The furniture in these rooms was Miss Davenal's, and it crowded them inconveniently.

Dorcas, she who had lived at the Abbey with Mrs. Cray, stood there with a smiling face to receive them; and the landlady, a humble sort of person in a green stuff gown, who had the pleasure of residing in the back kitchen and sleeping in the attic, came forward also. The greater portion of the house had been taken unfurnished for Miss Davenal.

"About the bed-rooms, Dorcas?" inquired Miss Davenal, in a half-frightened tone. "Which is mine?"

"Which you please to choose, ma'am," was Dorcas's answer. "The two best chambers are the one behind the drawing-room, and the one over the drawing-room."

The room over the drawing-room was the largest and best, but Miss Davenal did not like so many stairs, and resigned it to Sara. She, Miss Davenal, turned herself about in the small back room as she had done in the passage; her own spacious chamber at home was all too present to her, and she wondered whether she should ever become reconciled to this.

Had any one told her a few short months before—nay, a few short weeks—that she should ever take up her abode in London, she had rejected the very idea as absurd, almost an impossibility. Yet here she was! come to it of her own decision, of her own accord, but in one sense terribly against her will.

Marcus Cray had carried out his plans. To the intense astonishment of Hallingham, he had rejected the valuable practice which had become his by the death of Dr. Davenal. His mode of relinquishing it had been a most foolish one. Whether he feared the remonstrances of his brother, the reproaches of Miss Davenal, or the interference of other friends of his wife, certain it is that Mark in disposing of the practice had gone unwisely to work. A practice such as Dr. Davenal's, if placed properly in the market, would have brought forth a host of men eager to be the purchasers, and to offer a fair and just sum for it. But of this Mark Cray allowed no chance. He privately negotiated with a friend of his, a Mr. Berry, and sold him the good-will for little more than an old song.

In vain Miss Davenal said cutting things to Mark; in vain Oswald Cray, when the real truth reached him, came hastening down from London, in doubt whether Mark had not gone really mad. They could not undo the contract. It was signed and sealed, and Mr. Barry had paid over the purchase-money.

Then Mark spoke out upon the subject of his London prospects, and enlarged upon their brilliancy until Miss Davenal herself was for the moment dazzled. She urged on Mark the justice of his resigning to Dr. Davenal's daughter part of this purchase-money; Mark evaded it. His agreement with Dr. Davenal, he said, was to pay to his daughter three hundred pounds per annum for five years; and provided he did pay it, it could be of no consequence whether he made it by doctoring or by other means; he should fulfill his bargain, and that was enough.

Mark seemed to have it all his own way. The money expected by his wife was paid over to him, and he kept it. It was a great deal less than had been expected, for chancery had secured its own slice out of the pie; but it was rather more than four thousand pounds. Mark was deaf to all suggestions, all entreaties; he completely ignored the last wishes of Dr. Davenal; turned round on Oswald, and flatly told him it was no business of his; and carried the money to London in his pocket, when he and Caroline quitted Hallingham.

They quitted it in haste and hurry, long before things were ripe and ready for them in London, Mark remarking to his wife that the sooner they were out of that hornet's nest the better—by which term he probably distinguished Miss Davenal and a few others who had considered themselves privileged to interfere, so far as remonstrance went. Caroline more than seconded all his wishes, all he did; Mark had imbued her with his own rose-colored views of the future, and she was eager to enter on its brightness.

But Caroline was not destitute of feeling, and she sobbed on her Aunt Bettina's neck when she came to say farewell. If ever a doubt of the future crossed her mind, it was in that moment—the slightest shade of doubt, given rise to by the solemnly prophetic warning of Bettina Davenal.

"You and Mark would do well to stay, even now: as surely as that you go, Caroline Cray, you go to your ruin."

But the doubt passed away with the emotion, and Caroline laughed heartily with Mark afterwards at croaking Aunt Bettina. Mark himself had paid a farewell visit to a very few favored patients, and let them into the secret that he was going to make his fortune. And so they left in high spirits and with flying colors, Caroline condescendingly telling Sara that she should invite her to spend a month with them when they were settled.

The next to look out for a home was Miss Bettina Davenal. Affairs of the sales and else had not been carried out so quickly and readily as Mr. Wheatley in his inexperience had anticipated, and there had been no immediate hurry for the house to be vacated. A surgeon in the town was in treaty for it, and the furniture would have to be sold by auction. Sara wondered that her aunt did not fix upon a residence, and she feared all would be scuffle and bustle when they came to leave.

But Bettina Davenal had been fixing upon one in her own mind; at least, upon the locality for one—and that was London. Never willingly did Bettina Davenal forego a duty, however unpalatable it might be, and she did believe it to be her duty to follow the fortunes of Caroline, and not abandon her entirely to the mercy of her imprudent, thoughtless husband. To quit Hallingham, the home of her whole life, would be a cruel trial; but—she thought she ought to do so. And she bestowed a few bitter words upon the absent Mark for inducing the necessity. Even allowing that his glowing prospects were realized, Miss Davenal believed that he would spend every shilling in folly, as his father did before him, never thinking of what he had to pay to Sara for the next five years. It was necessary that somebody should look after Mark, and there was nobody but herself to do it.

And accordingly Miss Bettina set about her plans. If there was one quality she was distinguishable for above all others, it was obstinacy. Obstinate she was at all times, but in the cause of right or duty she could be unflinchingly so. Watton, there former upper-maid, was established in her new situation as housekeeper in the house of business in St. Paul's Churchyard, and Miss Davenal wrote to her and requested her to look out for a house or for a portion of one, and let her know about it. Mr. and Mrs. Cray had taken a house in Grosvenor Place, facing the Green Park, and Miss Davenal wished to be as near to them as her pocket would allow.

Watton attended to her commission. She thought that part of a handsome house would be more suitable to Miss Davenal's former position that the whole of an inferior one, and she did her best. Miss Davenal found it, as you have seen, anything but handsome; but she had little notion of the prices asked in London, and she had limited Watton as to the house-rent she was to offer. Neal was sent up to London with the furniture, which had been warehoused for so many years; and when he returned to Hallingham, Dorcas took his place in London. Discharged by Mrs. Cray, who had not chosen to take country servants with her, she had been re-engaged by Miss Davenal, whose modest household was henceforth to comprise only Dorcas and Neal. Miss Davenal would not part with Neal if she could help it; but she had been surprised at the man's ready agreement to stay in so reduced an establishment.

And so, before things were quite in readiness for them, Miss Davenal and Sara had come up. The furniture in the house at Hallingham was being prepared for public sale, and they hastened away, not to witness the desecration. How coldly and chilly this new home struck upon both, they alone could tell. Neither slept through that first night, and they arose in the morning alike unrefreshed.

Breakfast over, Sara stood at the window. In their immediate situation all the houses were private ones, but from a proximate corner she could see the bustle of the high road and the omnibuses passing up and down. The day was bright, as the previous one had been, giving to London its best aspect, and all the world was astir.

"And now for Mark Cray and Caroline," said Miss Bettina.

It had been Miss Davenal's pleasure that Mark Cray and his wife should be kept in ignorance of this emigration of hers to London. Neal, during his brief sojourn there, and Dorcas afterwards, had been enjoined to keep strictly clear of the vicinity of their residence. Having no motive to disobey, they had complied with the orders; and Mr. and Mrs. Cray were yet in total ignorance that their relatives were so near.

She put on her things and went out, Neal as usual in attendance. Neal was well acquainted with the geography of the place, and piloted his mistress to the house in a few minutes' time: a handsome house, with stone steps and pillars before the door. Miss Davenal gazed at it with drawn-in lips.

"It cannot be this, Neal."

"Yes, ma'am, it is. Shall I ring?"

Miss Davenal pushed forward and rang herself, an imperative peal. What right had they, she was mentally asking, to venture on so expensive a house as this must be? A footman flung open the door.

"Does Mr. Cray live here?"

"Yes," said the footman, with a lofty air: as of course it was incumbent on him to put on to anybody so dead to good manners as to call at that early hour. "What might your business be?"

None could put down insolence more effectually than Bettina Davenal. She gave the man a look, and swept past him.

"Show me to Mrs. Cray, man."

And somehow the man was subdued to do as he was bid, and to ask quite humbly, "What name, ma'am?"

"Miss Davenal."

He opened the door of a room on the right, and Miss Davenal, never more haughty, never more stately, stepped into it. She saw it was of good proportions, she saw it was elegantly furnished; and Caroline, in a flutter of black ribbons on her pretty morning robes, was sitting toying with a late breakfast.

She started up with a scream. Believing that the lady before her was safe at Hallingham, perhaps the scream was excusable.

"Aunt, is it really you? Whatever brings you in London?"

Miss Bettina neglected the question to survey the room again. She had surveyed the hall as she came in; she caught a glimpse of another room at the back: all fitted up fit for a duke and duchess.

"Where's Mark Cray?" she cried.

"Mark has been gone out ages ago, aunt. He is deep in business now. The operations have begun."

"Who took this house?" grimly asked Miss Bettina.

"I and Mark."

"And what did the furniture cost?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think Mark has had the bills in yet. Why, aunt?"

"*Why?*" returned the indignant lady, in a blaze of anger. "You and your husband are one of two things, Caroline; swindlers or idiots. If you think that strong language, I cannot help it."

"Aunt Bettina!" echoed the startled girl, "whatever are you saying?"

"The truth," solemnly replied Miss Bettina.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

The following exciting narrative is taken from a work by the French General Daumas, on the Sahara.* The once famous Emir Abd-el-Kader has given the general the benefit of his long experience with the tribes of the desert, so that the accuracy of the details cannot be questioned.

"In the desert there are two principal modes of hunting the ostrich—on horseback and in ambush. There is, indeed, a third method, which is only a modification of the second, and consists in killing the bird while drinking at a stream of water.

"The true sport is on horseback. Watching for the bird is no better than taking a sitting shot with us. The former is a noble and a royal pastime, the latter is only fit for a common fellow or a poacher. It is not enough to kill; the thing is, to run the bird down. For this purpose the general sort of education given to a horse will not suffice. A special preparation is required, just as a race-horse needs a particular training for some days previous to the contest. Seven or eight days before a hunting expedition both grass and straw are entirely stopped, and nothing but barley given. The horse is watered only once a day, at sunset, when the water begins to get cool; and he is then washed all over. He is taken out for a long ride every day, now walking, now galloping; during which time the rider carefully ascertains that nothing is wanting to the equipment proper for the purpose. At the end of these seven or eight days, say the Arabs, the belly disappears; while the neck, chest, and croup, show firm flesh. The animal is then ready to endure the fatigue. This special training is called *tesbaha*.

"The most favorable season for this sport is during the great heats of summer. The higher the temperature the less energy does the ostrich possess to defend itself. The Arabs describe the exact period by saying that it is when a man, standing upright, casts a shadow no longer than the sole of his foot. Ostrich hunting implies a regular expedition, lasting over seven or eight days. It requires preparatory arrangements, which are concerted by ten or a dozen horsemen bound in 'a knot,' as for a *razzia*. Each hunter is accompanied by a servant, called a *zemmal*, who is mounted on a camel that carries, besides, four goat-skin bags filled with water, barley for the horse, wheaten flour, another kind of flour parched, dates, a pot to boil the food in, leather thongs, a needle, and a lot of horse-shoes and nails.

"Each hunter should take only one woolen or cotton shirt, and one pair of woolen trowsers. He winds round his neck and ears a kind of thin stuff called in the desert *haouli*, and fastens it with his camel-rope. His feet are protected by sandals attached by cords; but he also puts on light gaiters. He takes neither rifle, nor pistol, nor powder. His only weapon is a club of wild olive or tamarisk four or five feet long, and terminating in a very heavy knob. The party do not start until they have ascertained from travellers, or caravans, or from messengers sent forward for that purpose, where a large number of ostriches are collected at one point. These birds are generally met with in places where there is a good deal of grass, and where rain has recently fallen. According to the Arabs, whenever the ostrich sees the lightning flash and a thunderstorm coming on, it immediately hastens in that direction, however distant it may be; for it thinks nothing of going ten days on the stretch. In the desert it is proverbially said of a man who is particularly careful in tending his flocks and supplying them with what is necessary, that 'he is like the ostrich—where he sees the lightning flash, he is there.'

"The start is made in the morning. At the end of one or two days' march, when the hunters have arrived near to the spot where they were told to look for ostriches, and where tracks are observable, they halt and bivouac. On the morrow, two intelligent servants, stripped to the skin, and wearing nothing but a handkerchief round their loins, are sent forward to reconnoitre. They take with them a goat-skin bag suspended from the side, and a small quantity of bread, and walk on until they come upon the ostriches, which usually keep to the high ground. As soon as they have sighted them they lie down, and observe their movements; and then, while one remains, the other returns to the camp, and says that he has seen thirty, forty, sixty ostriches. It is alleged that troops to that number are really to be met with.

"At certain times, and especially when mating, the ostriches are seldom found more than three or four couples together. Guided by the man who has brought the information, the hunters advance cautiously in the direction of the ostriches, and, on nearing the hillock on which the birds were sighted, they use every precaution to avoid being seen. Having at length reached the last inequality of ground that affords them any sort of cover, they dismount, and two scouts crawl forward to make sure that the birds are still in the same place. If these bring confirmation of the former tidings, each rider gives his horse a small draught of the water brought on a camel's back, for it is rare to find a place where water is to be had. The baggage is piled up where the halt takes place, without any one being left to watch it, so certain are they of being able to retrace their steps to the identical spot. Every hunter is provided with a goat-skin bag of water. The attendants follow the tracks of the horses, the camels carrying only the horses' evening feed of barley and his own, and water for both men and animals.

"Carefully reconnoitring the ground occupied by the ostriches, the hunters concert their mode of attack. Spreading out, they gradually form a circle, in which they inclose the quarry, at a sufficient distance not to be seen, for the ostrich is very far-sighted. The attendants fill up the gaps between the horsemen. Then, when all are at their respective posts, the latter advance straight upon the ostriches, who flee panic-stricken, but are met by the horsemen, who at first content themselves by driving them back within the circle. The ostrich thus exhausts its strength by the rapidity of its movements, for, when surprised, it does not 'husband its wind.' Again and again it repeats the same manœuvre, always trying to break through the circle, and always driven back in affright. At the first symptoms of fatigue the hunters dash at them, and presently the troop scatters in all directions. Those that are losing strength open out their wings, which is a sure sign of weariness. The huntess, now secure of their prey, hold in their horses. Each one picks out a bird, rides after it, overtakes it, and, either from behind or from the side, fetches it a terrible blow on the head with the cudgel already mentioned. The head is bald, and very sensitive, whereas other parts of the body would offer greater resistance. Stunned with the blow, the ostrich falls to the ground, and the hunter, springing out of his saddle, cuts its throat, taking care, however, to hold it away from the body, so that the wings may not be stained with the blood.

"Immediately after being bled, the bird is carefully skinned, so as not to spoil the feathers, and the skin is stretched on a tree or on a horse. When the camels arrive, salt is plentifully rubbed in.

"The servants now light fires and prepare the pots, in which they boil for a long time over a fierce fire, all the fat of the bird. As soon as it is reduced to a very liquid state, it is poured into a sort of leather bottle formed of the skin stripped off from the thigh to the foot, and strongly tied at the lower end; it would spoil if put into skin taken from any other part of the body. The fat of an ostrich in good condition ought to fill both its legs. When the bird is brooding it is very lean, and at that time its fat would certainly not fill both legs; and it is at that time hunted only for the sake of its feathers. The rest of the flesh is served up for the hunters' supper, seasoned with flour and pepper.

The attendants having watered the horses and given them a feed of barley, and the hunters having refreshed themselves, they hasten, no matter how fatiguing the chase may have been, to return to the spot where they left their baggage. There they remain forty-eight hours to rest their horses, on whom they bestow the greatest care. After that they regain their tents. Sometimes they send the produce of the chase to their homes, whence the servants bring back a fresh supply of provisions, and on receiving favorable intelligence, they start on a new expedition.

"The fat of the ostrich is used in the preparation of food, and it is likewise eaten with bread. The Arabs also apply it as a remedy in many diseases. It is sold in the market-place, and in the tents of the rich a store of it is often kept to give away to the poor, as a medicine. It is not, however, by any means expensive; one pot of ostrich grease being exchanged for only three pots of butter.

"The ostrich is also hunted by lying in ambush after it has laid its eggs, or towards the middle of November. Five or six horsemen, taking with them a couple of camels loaded with supplies for at least a month, go in search of places where rain has recently fallen, or where ponds are to be found. In such localities there is certain to be abundance of herbage, which never fails to attract the ostriches in considerable numbers. To avoid idle wanderings to and fro, they question every individual, every caravan they happen to meet; besides they know beforehand the most likely stations. On these occasions they provide themselves not with a cudgel, but with a rifle and an ample supply of powder and ball.

"As soon as they come upon ostrich tracks, the hunters examine them closely. If they appear only in the form of patches here and there, eaten down to the ground, it shows that the ostrich has come here merely to graze; but if the tracks cross each other in all directions, if the grass has been trampled under foot, but not eaten, it is a sure sign that the ostrich has made her nest in the neighborhood. The hunters thereupon search attentively for the spot where she has deposited her eggs, and approach it with the greatest precautions. While the ostrich is digging out her nest, all day long her plaintiff moanings may be heard, but after her eggs are laid she never utters her usual cry until about three in the afternoon.

"The female sits on her eggs from morning till midday, while the male goes to the pasture. At noon he returns, and the female goes to feed in her turn. When she comes back she places herself four or five paces from the nest, in front of the male, who incubates all night. The male himself keeps watch over the eggs, to defend them from all enemies. Jackals, among others, oftentimes place themselves in ambush near at hand, ready to play them an evil turn; and their bodies have frequently been found by the hunters lying not far from the nests, stricken to death by the male, the female being too timid to inspire any fear. It is in the morning, during the time the female is sitting, that the hunters dig on each side of the nest, and not above twenty paces distant, a hole deep enough to contain a man. They then cover it over with the long grass so common in the desert, so that only his rifle is seen. The best marksmen are, of course, placed in these holes.

"Seeing all these preparations, the female takes fright, and runs off to join the male, who beats her, and compels her to return to the nest. If these preparations were to be made while the male is brooding, he would go off to join the female, and neither of them would ever come back again. When the female returns to the nest, they take care not to molest her, it being the rule to kill the male in the first instance. It is, therefore, customary to await his return from the pasture, which happens about noon, when the hunter holds himself ready. The ostrich, while engaged in incubation, spreads out its wings so as to cover all the eggs. In this position, with its legs bent under the body, the thighs are very conspicuous. This circumstance is favorable to the marksman, who aims to break the leg of the bird. All chance of escape is thus cut away, which would not be the case were it wounded in any other part. As soon as the ostrich is down, the hunters run up and cut its throat. The two marksmen come out of their holes, and their companions, attracted by the report, lend their assistance. All traces of blood are quickly covered with sand, and the body of the bird carefully concealed. At sunset the female returns, as usual, to pass the night close to the nest. The absence of the male causes her no anxiety; for she fancies he has merely gone away to feed, and she quietly sits upon the eggs. She is then killed in the same manner as her mate by the hunter who has not previously fired. The one who shot the male receives a *douro* in addition to his proper share; but if, what rarely happens, he should miss his aim, he pays to his companions the value of the bird. "We chose thee," they say, "as the best shot; we placed thee in the good position to do us a benefit; and lo! thou workest us such a wrong as this. Thou shalt pay for it." The hunter who kills the female receives only an egg over and above his share. If he miss, he forfeits what would have come to him from the price of the male, and the eggs. The one who is to fire at the male is appointed beforehand.

"The nest of an ordinary couple contains from twenty-five to thirty eggs, but is frequently happens that several couples combine to lay in common. In that case they form a large inclosure, and the oldest couple are placed in the centre, with the others around them in regular order, so that, if they are four in number, they will occupy the four angles of a square. When the eggs are all laid, they are pushed towards the centre, but not mingled together; and when the oldest male comes to sit, the others take their places around where their eggs were laid—and the same with the females. These companies are composed of the young of the same family—in fact, of the young of the oldest couple. They do not all lay the same number of eggs. The one-year olds, for instance, do not lay more than four or five, and those of a small size. At times as many as a hundred eggs are found in the same nest. These family gatherings are most common where the herbage is most abundant. The Arabs have observed a very singular circumstance: The eggs of each couple in these monster nests are carefully piled up together, with one egg conspicuously at the top. It is the one first laid, and it serves for a special purpose. As soon as the male perceives that the moment has arrived for hatching, he breaks with his beak the egg he judges to be the most forward, and at the same time very carefully makes a small hole in the one which surmounts the others. The latter furnishes their first meal to all the young ones as they are hatched; and, though open, will remain sweet for a considerable time. This quality is peculiarly useful, for the male does not break all the eggs on the same day, but only three or four at a time, when he hears the young ones moving inside. The egg which supplies them with nourishment is always liquid, whether through the provision of nature, or that the old birds have instinctively avoided sitting on it."

* "The Horses of the Sahara." By E. Daumas. Allen & Co. 1863

☞ In order to reach perfection it is necessary to have either very faithful friends, or implacable enemies; since we must be made sensible of our failings, either by the admonitions of the former, or the invectives of the latter.

DROWNED.

We are wrecked and we are sinking,
We are lost, I heard them say,
But of what could they be thinking?
'Tis not "lost" to pass away—

Gently, painlessly, together,
Thus to feel our souls flow out
Into calmer, better weather,
All secure from further rout.

I can see the boats yet, gaining
Very little on the wind,
O'er their stems some forms are straining
After dear ones left behind.

If 'twere thus with thou and I, love,
One had gone and one been left,
Then the living could but die, love,
And the dying be bereft.

But thou would'st not, could'st not leave me,
Since there was but room for one,
And the billows would upheave me
Did I leave thee here alone.

I am happy, for thy fingers
Round my neck securely twine,
Thou art happy while death lingers
With thy heart at rest on mine.

I, the stronger, grow despairing
When this danger first seemed nigh,
For I could not bear my darling
Such a dreadful death should die;

But she sweetly, brightly, cheered me
As an angel might and would,
And the peril as it neared thee,
Seemed to grow like thee, all good.

We can feel the waters singing,
Cold and heavy, in our ears;
And upon them, quick upspringing,
We can see all bygone years;

And know that in the brightest
We never were so blest
As now, when clinging tightest,
We come so near our rest.

Life seems so nearly ended,
Its cares all pass away,
Like rain-drops rainbow blended,
We scarcely need to pray;

But spend in deep thanksgiving
What yet remains of time,
To Him, who, in thus giving
Our love, made death sublime.

That's right, cling closer, sweetest,
I will not let thee go,
Thou shalt not die till I do,
Though death come swift or slow;

I feel his touch upon thee,
His breath is on thy cheek,
And not on thee, love, only,
Thy voice is growing weak.

And I can scarcely hold thee,
But will, unto the last,
Mine arms shall firm enfold thee
Till death be overpast.

Thy face grows strangely radiant,
Our last warm breath is o'er,
Good-bye, sweet, for an instant,
Then part we nevermore.

SADIE.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XIV.

CROSS PURPOSES.

When Lord Lynn, within half an hour of his proposals to Aurelia Darcy having been accepted by that lady, and sanctioned in due form by her father, reached Stoke, he found, as he had expected, that the Squire was out. As he had expected, also, Mrs. Mainwaring and her eldest daughter were at home, and with them the visitor was soon engaged in conversation, and doing his best to appear thoroughly careless, high in spirits, and light of heart—the more so, perhaps, because the task of announcing his engagement seemed less easy and agreeable than he had been used to fancy it might be. Hastings Wyvil—he was more accustomed to think of himself under the old name, and the old circumstances, than as the new hereditary legislator and owner of Hollingsley—was a popular man with women; none the less so, perhaps, because his manner, though marked by a certain undefinable tone of chivalric courtesy, was free from awkwardness or shyness, the worst faults, in eyes feminine, that a man can possess; but now he felt awkward, and in a measure guilty, in presence of his kinswomen, and rattled on to hide his embarrassment, laughing and talking much more than was his custom, and watching for an opportunity to mention his betrothal as if it had been a mere commonplace, every-day affair, of no especial importance.

This game of the concealment of emotions, however, is one in which men and women do not play on equal terms. A woman—who can herself endure torments to which the fox beneath the tunic of the mythical Spartan boy affords but a tame resemblance, smiling serenely the while under the prying eyes of twenty dear female friends—is not to be hoodwinked by the exaggerated acting of a clumsy male; unless, indeed, she be in love, when her naturally fine perceptions will be somewhat confused. Thus it fell out that, while Lucy merely thought her soldier-cousin a little more excited and animated than usual, Mrs. Mainwaring saw how the young man's flow of talk was foreign to what was uppermost in his mind, and that he was manifestly desirous to say something, but perplexed as to how it should be said. Now, Mrs. Mainwaring had a sincere liking for Lord Lynn, as the chief of her own name and kin—for was she not herself a Wyvil by blood—as a gallant, high-hearted English gentleman, whose rank, and fortune, and character, combined to render him most eligible as a son-in-law. In spite of occasional qualms of doubt, Mrs. Mainwaring firmly believed in Lord Lynn's attachment to Lucy. A mother, seeing the visitor's evident agitation, could not be blamed, under the circumstances, for drawing from that agitation a favorable augury for her daughter's happiness, since she was quick-sighted enough to have remarked Lucy's innocent pleasure in her kinsman's company. Nor need Mrs. Mainwaring be classed among the more mercenary of match-makers, if she suddenly remembered a most important interview impending with the gardener, *apropos* of the geraniums to be kept alive through winter in the conservatory, and left the young folks alone.

Five minutes before Mrs. Mainwaring's departure, Lord Lynn had been fidgeting and longing that she might be called away. He could tell all that need be told, he thought, to Lucy, so much more pleasantly than to her parent. She was his little friend, his sister—he laid great mental stress on that fact—and would understand him at once; young people understood each other by far the best. But such is the sad inconsistency of human nature, that, Mrs. Mainwaring gone, and the coast clear, Lord Lynn began to regret her absence, and to feel conscious, in a sort of purblind way, that Lucy might not relish the part of *confidante* which he had so cavalierly assigned to her. And yet, why not? She was a dear little thing, and had been much more disposed to hearken to his tales of flood and field, of prairie, and desert, and yellow Nile, and stormy seas, than he to dilate on the dangers he had confronted; for the guardsman was almost shrinkingly averse from anything that sounded like vaunting or self-praise. So she would—she must take an interest in this, the most momentous step in his life.

Off he went with a plunge, like a whale into a herring-net.

"Lucy," he began, drawing his chair nearer to that in which she sat, busy with her tapestry-work—"Lucy, you and I are very good friends, and cannot help caring, I am sure for whatever concerns each other's happiness. I have something to say to you."

And to help the delivery of that something, the declaration of which seemed to stick in his throat somehow, he took his cousin Lucy's hand in the old cousinly way, half frank, half playful, and looked into her face. Lucy looked down; her color deepened; and she could not help beginning to tremble very much, angry as she felt with herself for trembling. But Lord Lynn was blinded by his own feelings—by the absurd sublime egotism of a man who is in love, and he saw nothing. On he went.

"When I came here to-day, I meant to speak what was on my mind before your mother, Lucy dear, and put things in a clear light; but I could not get the words out. So I was not sorry when Mrs. Mainwaring went, because then I could tell you all about it; and I knew you would be glad, or at least" (for here some instinct seemed to intervene and warn the speaker he was wrong)—"at least, for my sake, you would be interested in what I have decided to do."

Lucy did not say a word; she sat with burning cheeks and downcast eyes, listening for more; her little hand in Lord Lynn's grasp was hot and cold by turns, and it trembled like a frightened bird. She was not to blame if she misconstrued his meaning; Mrs. Mainwaring, bustling among her flower-pots, and pluming herself on her tact in leaving the supposed admiring swain to pour his sighs into the ear of the beloved object, was in exactly the same error.

"Marriage is a serious thing, a serious step, I mean, for a man to take, and I have not been hasty in making my mind up," Lord Lynn blundered on; "but I am fairly in love at last—don't laugh at me for confessing it—and in love, I am sure, with the only woman I ever saw with whom I could be thoroughly happy, who realizes everything I could have dreamed of—beautiful, good, clever, talented beyond any girl I ever met—much too pretty, and much too clever for—"

"Oh, no, no, no!" murmured Lucy, softly, but without looking up—"not clever at all, Hastings. I wish—"

And here she stopped short. There was not a doubt, not the shadow of a misgiving, in Lucy's mind; but the remembrance that the proprieties forbade a young lady to give herself before she had been asked in plain words, put a padlock on her lips. She had nearly been startled into a modest disclaimer of the extravagant laudations which her lover seemed to be heaping upon her. Pretty she was, and good she tried to be, succeeding well enough to satisfy every one but herself; but she was not by any means a genius or brilliantly accomplished, and she could not help entering her simple protest against such undeserved praise, sweet as praise was from the man she loved. She stopped, blushing like a rose, and averted her face, Lord Lynn was too much taken up with his own ideas to interpret the gesture aright.

"Not clever at all!" he exclaimed almost angrily; "my dear Lucy, where are your eyes that you cannot see what all the world sees, except you? But you *must* know that she is as wise and gifted as she is lovely, you who have been so much in her company. This is some silly girlish pique or quarrel, of which I thought too well of my little sister to have believed her capable, between you and Aurelia Darcy, which causes—"

Lucy started with a quick convulsive motion, as if she had been stung by a wasp, and she snatched her hand away from him, with an inarticulate cry of actual pain, then turned her sweet crimsoned face, and honest bright brown eyes full upon him as she asked bravely, but with a quivering lip:

"You spoke just now of—of your affection for—for somebody, and—and is it Aurelia Darcy—Aurelia Darcy—to whom you are about to be married?"

"Certainly," her cousin began; "whom else could you imagine?" but then stopped in his turn, at the sight of the ghastly pain and anguish stamped on the pretty kind young face opposite to him. He saw at last that Lucy was fighting with an overpowering grief and agitation, that her blushes had given place to a blanched paleness, and that her sweet little face was quite drawn, and pinched, and wan with a great suffering, while her breath came in gasps. Then she hid her face like a true woman, and in an agony of sorrow, shame, misery, blinded by tears, and stifled by sobs, hurried out of the room.

Lord Lynn sprang from his chair.

"Lucy," he cried; "Lucy, you crying, dear! I never meant—"

And he tried to catch her hand, but she shrank from him and passed out, and he was left alone. He paced the room, much perturbed. The brave gentleman felt as much ashamed as if he had been doing something cowardly and base. He would have given much, very much indeed, that this had never been. He was no coxcomb to fancy all women in love with him, but Lucy's reception of his tidings could admit of but one solution. And his own accursed idiotic blundering, he thought, had brought this about. He had never intended this. He had fondly thought that he might establish Lucy Mainwaring on the footing of a dear sister, and that she would never feel aught but brotherly affection for him. He forgot that cousins are not sisters, and that we have no right to think we can set nature at defiance by our self-constituted relationships. To be sure, he had sometimes thought of Lucy as his possible wife; but then, man-like, he had fancied that the initiative belonged exclusively to himself, and that until he should choose to transform himself into a lover, Lucy's imagination must remain inert. He had never chosen to acknowledge to himself that his attentions, his preference, might be misinterpreted, and that he might have won the girl's innocent heart, merely to wound and pain it.

"I wish this had never happened. I would—yes I would"—muttered Lord Lynn, pacing fiercely to and fro, angry with himself, remorseful, cut to the heart at the stab he had given to that poor little bosom of the good true-souled girl, whose excellence he knew as well as any one knew it. There was no tinge of mean vanity, such as egotists feel at winning a woman's love unsought, to mingle with Lord Lynn's regret. The words he had begun to say, but had checked himself in saying, for boastfulness was more alien to his nature than anything else, were the sincere thoughts that swelled up in his breast—"I would cut off my right hand, if by so doing I could undo the past, and make Lucy forget all."

And at the moment he would have done it, so genuine was his remorse. He walked to and fro. He almost wished he had never seen Aurelia. He wished he had never come home; had gone on as he should have done, had his father lived, to the far East. He could never be Lucy's friend again, of course; never meet her trustful eyes again—never, never, never. But he had injured her. What could he do? Should he see her mother, should he explain, express his sorrow? No—a thousand times no. It would make bad worse—turn an injury into an insult. So he left the house, and very sadly and slowly, and with a heavy heart and head, that was never once turned back, as of old, towards the friendly dwelling he had quitted, he rode away. From beneath her window-blind, Lucy's eyes, dim and dark with tears, watched him as he rode away. He could not see her. He did not know she was looking after him as he went, so she could indulge herself so far, poor little thing. But how she blamed herself for her folly in betraying what she felt. He looked sad as he rode down the avenue, and she felt glad of that, and then took herself to task for feeling glad. He was nothing to her now. He was Aurelia Darcy's betrothed husband. And yet Lucy watched him depart, sore wounded as her simple loving heart had been. But it was not his fault—not his fault at all.

And when Mrs. Mainwaring, bitter in her disappointment and indignation, feeling her daughter's anguish in her own motherly breast, smart for smart, was scornful and wrathful in her denunciation of her kinsman—with whom, however, she had now done for ever, and who did well to marry a Manchester miss, since the artful minx had angled for his coronet—Lucy sat quite pale and still. But when the Squire, much moved, gruffly said that he had "loved Lynn as his own son, and would have been glad to have him as a son-in-law, but not for his title and estate, since if he had been Colonel Wyvil, with nothing but his pay, it would have been all one—before he knew him for a rogue—playing fast and loose with a girl like his, the Squire's, Lucy."

Lucy said sadly:

"Don't be unjust, papa. He never said a word of love to me. It was all my foolish mistake. It is not his fault, indeed."

CHAPTER XV.

A HARD BARGAIN.

"Is your master at home, young man?"

"And what, pray, do *you* want with my master?"

Thus ran the brief and brisk exchange of query and counter-query on the part of Thomas, Mr. Darcy's London-bred footman, who had hastily donned his coat of state on hearing a sharp, imperious peal at the door-bell, and the person by whom that peal had been rung. The latter was a little wiry fellow, about forty years of age, dressed in a second-hand black suit, a bulgy white neckcloth, and a very new hat, the gloss and shine of which article of attire made the shabbiness of the rest of the raiment more conspicuous than would otherwise have been the case. Thomas eyed this pseudo-ecclesiastical costume with scornful suspicion, identifying it with tracts, begging-letters, forged testimonials, and an urgent appeal to subscribe towards the wearer's passage as a missionary to the Tonga Islands. Nor was the countenance of that wearer much to the taste of the experienced town-bred servitor. For if Game Dick had looked a villain in his dirty suit of slop-shop clothes, smeared with every variety of mud and dust between Wakefield and Warwick, he looked unutterably villainous in his rusty black, with a hypocritical air of sober sanctimoniousness overlying his natural audacity of expression.

"I've particular business with Squire Darcy. Is he at home, if you please?" said Game Dick, shuffling his feet about, and feeling uneasy in his Berlin gloves. The disguise that he had put on was not of his own selection, and he felt awkward in it. As a sporting-farmer, a drover, a horse-dealer, peddler, Jew-clothesman, or smock-frocked countryman, he could have played his part well, as he had done in many a taproom and skittle-alley; but this semi-clerical costume which he had donned when outvoted in solemn council of war by his allies the Browns, was one that went against the grain with him. Accordingly, he acted ill, snuffling and mouthing his words in a way that would have disgusted a less suspicious person than Thomas. The latter took a steady survey of the man's cropped hair, restless eyes, and rat-like face, and resolved to get rid of him at once.

"Now, my man, you've no right to come to this door at all, and the sooner you are off the grounds the better for you. I know your little game very well, but I shall not take in tracts, nor subscription lists, nor none of that gammon. Mr. Darcy's not at home, and wouldn't see you if he was; so make yourself scarce, will you?"

All the varnish of Game Dick's affected sanctimoniousness cracked in a moment, and a broad grin replaced it. He had told the Browns how it would be. He was a true prophet; and his superior knowingness being vindicated, he could play the trump-card he held in reserve. Up went one of his gloved forefingers, wagging in the air in that well-known professional style at which he and his like had trembled ever since he matriculated in the thieves' quarter of a northern manufacturing town long years ago. And he winked at Thomas as he said in a loud whisper: "Look here; I'm on duty, I am. I've come from the police, I have, about that job of the reward—that pistol business. Mr. Superintendent Martin told me to keep dark—you understand?" And then came a succession of nods as full of apparent meaning as that of Lord Burleigh in the *Critic*.

Thomas was converted in an instant. He saw nothing extraordinary in the man's rascally countenance, now his errand was told. The Servants' Hall at Beechborough was divided in opinion on the results of the late pursuit after the would-be assassin, and the footman himself had a bet that the hat found was not that of the fugitive, and that the latter had never been drowned at all, but had got off securely to America or elsewhere. And this visitor's cropped hair and vagabond mien corroborated the idea that he was really a spy or agent of the police, which latter body of guardians of order must sometimes work with queer tools, as Thomas was aware.

"That's another affair," said he civilly—"quite a different thing. I took you—but never mind. Has anything fresh turned up about the murdering fellow?" And here Thomas grew quite eager, for the idea of possessing the talisman of fresh information with which to galvanize the servants of Beechborough quite overthrew his equanimity.

But Game Dick shook his head. "I'm sworn not to let out nothing, and it's as much as my place is worth, young man, to blab a word of the superintendent's business. One thing I *will* say: we know what we know, and queer things may come out, so don't you be surprised if there's a grand trial in the papers, and artist coves coming down to take the picter of Beechborough Hall. I can't wait. Is the governor in?"

"No, he really isn't. He's gone in the brougham to Sir Joseph's," was the answer.

Game Dick affected great disappointment, although no one could have been better aware of Mr. Darcy's absence from home than he, considering that he had lain hid for hours among the larches of the plantation, with his keen eyes ever on the gravel-drive. However, he recovered himself, and asked if Miss Darcy were at home, and if so, whether she would condescend to see Brown, sent by Superintendent Martin. Dick Flowerdew used the name of Brown as being known to Aurelia, and Thomas doing the errand without much hesitation, came back to usher the embassary of the police into Aurelia's presence.

Miss Darcy stood, sternly beautiful, beside one of the windows of the Pink Drawing-room, and Game Dick, who had heard her described but had never seen her, winced somewhat as his saucy eyes drooped before the calm pride in her gaze. His experience of women comprised many varieties of character, but never had he seen one like this, and for a moment he wished he had not volunteered to be the spokesman of the gang; but he was committed now, and must go through with it. Aurelia, on the other hand, was also surprised. The name of Brown had misled her, and now she scarcely knew what to think. The man's face was that of a knave, but perhaps he was merely one of the inferior myrmidons of the law, and had come to relate some discovery.

"Mr. Darcy, as the servant has told you, is from home. If you have any message I will receive it. You come, I am told, from the police?"

Ordinary words these, but as Game Dick heard them, he felt almost as uncomfortable as if the placid passionless voice had been that of My Lord Judge in ermine and scarlet, passing sentence on Richard Flowerdew, prisoner at the bar. Still he looked up, and said doggedly:

"I come from Nanny Brown's turnpike on the Blanchminster road. My name isn't Brown. I don't belong to the police. I come for your good, miss, if so be you'll hearken to reason."

"For my good?" Aurelia smiled as she spoke, but it was a freezing smile, and her hand moved towards a little silver hand-bell among the books and knickknacks on the table beside her, while her eyes were as cold and hard as steel. Men of Game Dick's class are used to violence, to threats, and to abuse, and are thickskinned to all these modes of treatment. But cool polished scorn, that contemptuous indifference which the French call *morgue*, cows them. The ex-inmate of Wakefield jail was less happy in Aurelia's presence than he would have been if that very police superintendent, with whose name he had made free, had grasped his collar in the queen's name. Dick had spoken to ladies before, to silly ladies, timid ladies, giggling ladies, ladies proud of wealth and station, and his cunning had availed to palm worthless jewelry, or rotten muslins, or stolen shawls, upon them; but he had never seen any one like Aurelia, and now he felt himself about to be dismissed empty-handed. He rallied his courage. He would have risked his liberty, his very life, sooner than be balked of this chance of competence.

"Perhaps you would prefer to give your message to the butler," Aurelia said, and her fingers closed upon the embossed handle of the bell, but her eyes never for a moment wandered from the weather-beaten face of Game Dick. She did not know his purpose, but she suspected it, and to suspect was enough to call all her resources into play. She, who did nothing idly, knew well that her best chance of taming the evil spirits that she had evoked, was to maintain an aspect of fearless indifference; but even she felt a momentary thrill of fear when Game Dick spoke his mind thus: "They told me, miss, I should find you a plucky one, and I expected so to do; but if you were twice as bold and twice as cool—and I never saw any one take it as you do—we can tell you what you don't guess at. You think the secret" (the man's wily eyes saw Aurelia shrink slightly, and glance towards the door, so he repeated the word) "you think the secret's down among the mud and weeds of the river, never to come up in our time. That's a mistake. The secret's in safe-keeping, it is. We've got, in old Nanny's cellar, where many a good keg of something stronger than water has been stowed away in years past—we've got something worth the keeping, something for which seven hundred pounds are bid by government, and my Lord Lynn—"

Aurelia's eyes never flinched or faltered, loud and threatening as the man's voice grew. She looked at him as a keeper might look at a wild beast that it was needful to keep in subjection; but she could not prevent her lips from getting quite dry and bloodless as she put the question: "Alive?"

"Alive! What good, else, would he be?" answered Dick, with coarse triumph. Aurelia, never once withdrawing her gaze from the ruffian's face, reflected for a few moments, and then said, in the low, sweet voice, that seemed to grow more and more gentle as danger and excitement gathered thicker around: "Of course, I know your business here; but I know more than that. Seven hundred pounds is a great sum of money, and if you dared to ask for it in a court of criminal justice, you would not be here to-day to bargain with me. You do not dare to claim the reward, and you know it!"

It was Game Dick's turn to wince before that tone of resolute conviction, before those cold, dauntless eyes, before that pitiless directness of speech, so unlike any that he had heard before since he was an urchin thief of seven, and stole sixpenny wares from stall and shop-door; but he instantly began to bluster: "You'd better speak us fair, my fine madam, I can tell you, and—"

Aurelia lifted up the bell, and rang it sharply. There was ineffable scorn in her voice, scorn that even penetrated Dick's callous soul, as she made answer: "Silence, sir! No one has ever spoken to me in this manner, nor will I suffer any one to do so. You think you have me at your mercy, no doubt. Try your power; but remember, that at the first move you make, you shall be indicted for a conspiracy to extort money by threats. You best know how it will fare with you in prison and in court, and whether it would not have been wiser on your part to let bygones be bygones. The lawyers and the police can find something worth notice in your past lives, I dare say."

These words were said very rapidly but smoothly, and with an expression of quiet, resolute malignity, that altered the expression of Aurelia's face completely; and Game Dick, after a hasty mental calculation of chances, wiped his damp brow with the back of his hairy hand, and made his sullen apology:

"Beg pardon, Miss. I'll not speak a word of this sort again, on my oath. No offence, I hope." And then Thomas, the footman, who had not been very far off, came in answer to the jingle of the hand-bell.

"Thomas," said Aurelia quietly, "ask the housekeeper to order some refreshments for this—for Mr. Brown, who will be returning to Warwick almost immediately. I will ring again." Thomas bowed and withdrew. Aurelia went on unruffled: "You require a large sum, I suppose, to arrange matters on a pleasant footing. So long as you are civil and obliging, I have not the slightest objection to your profiting by what chance has given you; but I shall not pay beforehand, or the temptation to betray my trust might be too great. You are aware, I dare say, that I am about to be married—and to whom? Very good. When I am Lady Lynn, and when the person you allude to is removed to a place where he can be properly cared for, I will pay you a sum equal to the reward offered."

Dick shook his cropped head—"Not enough!"

"Then I add a hundred. Eight hundred pounds is what I offer, nor will I give more. I shall be of age before the day fixed for my wedding, and can draw out so large a sum without exciting remark. That, now, would be impossible; but I will pay fifty pounds in gold on Tuesday next to your friend Mrs. Brown. I am going over to Blanchminster on that day, and will hand the money to her when the carriage stops at the turnpike. For the rest, you must be content to wait two months, or perhaps three, till my arrangements can be made. Stay," and she lifted her hand with a slight gesture of warning, which was not lost on the shrewd fellow before her—"stay, I know perfectly well what you wish to say, but it is wiser not to say it. You cannot frighten me—you cannot do me a real injury. What do you know of me? I ask. Nothing but this, that I have taken a pitying interest in an unfortunate person, whose relatives I once knew, and whom I desire to be properly taken care of, and to keep out of harm's way, and from the disgrace of a public exposure of his afflicted state. That is all. And remember, I alone saw the man who fired the pistol—I alone could furnish evidence to convict him; and if he be found 'Not guilty,' what becomes of your reward? Go against me, and your reward will be a prison. Serve me faithfully, and I may probably not limit my recompense to the amount I spoke of just now. Are you satisfied?"

Game Dick was checkmated for once. His quick wit enabled him, point by point, to drink in this merciless logic, so cold and clear, so emphasised by the steady look of those fathomless gray eyes, that he could no more read than if they had been those of a sphynx. He made his bow, looked down at the carpet, and uttered a grisly imprecation on his own head if he should do anything in the matter without "her ladyship's leave."

"Then that is all that need be said," Aurelia remarked, as she glided to the fireplace, and rang the bell, not the hand-bell this time, but the one in ordinary use. Thomas did not answer the summons; it was Jenkins, the butler, whose gray head and round-shouldered figure appeared, and to the hospitable care of Jenkins the supposed emissary of the police was consigned. Game Dick shuffled off under the butler's charge, Aurelia smiling calmly as she made the faintest possible inclination of her proud head in answer to his duck and growl of farewell; but it was noteworthy that never once, while gliding towards the chimney-piece to ring for the servant, or afterwards, did she cease to look at Game Dick in the same steady manner. When, however, the door closed on the two men, a great shadow seemed to fall on Aurelia's fair face, and to darken its beauty. She looked sadly weary and worn as she turned to the window, and she sighed, not heavily, but with a short impatient sigh, as if her heart were at war with herself and all the world.

"The old Goody Two Shoes' traditions of the nursery are right, after all," she murmured, gazing out at the faded flower-garden and its withered pomp of the dead summer. "One false step, and no more truth, no more honor, no more peace—nothing but cobwebs of lies, and I, the spinner, fearing day by day to see the meshes break and leave me bare and forsaken of all. I wish I could repent; I wish,—but it is too late now. I must dree my weird, as the Scotch say, and follow the crooked path I chose for myself. So be it!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN "OFF-HAND" JOKE.—A sturdy sergeant of one of the Massachusetts regiments being obliged to submit to amputation of his hand, the surgeon offered to administer chloroform as usual; but the veteran refused, saying: "If the cutting was to be done on him he wanted to see it." And laying his arm on the table, submitted to the operation without a sign of pain except a firmer setting of the teeth. The operator, as he finished, looked at his victim with admiration, and remarked:

"You ought to have been a surgeon, my man."

"I was the next thing to one afore I enlisted," said the hero.

"What was that?" asked the doctor.

"A butcher!" responded the sergeant with a grim smile, which, despite the surroundings, communicated itself to the bystanders.

☞ THE ODOR OF A BALL.—An officer writes: "In the Wilderness a ball passed under my nose. Its odor was anything but refreshing, for it made the blood come."

MY UNCLE'S LEG.

My own name is a very common one, and would afford as little satisfaction to the reader in the way of identity as did that of a certain hospitable stranger whom I once met with in a railway carriage. "Sir," said he, when I quitted his company at a provincial station one hundred and forty miles north of the metropolis, "I am glad to have seen you; I am charmed to have made your acquaintance; my name is Smith; and whenever you come my way—I live at Islington—I shall be most delighted to see you." Bearing this incident in mind, I forbear to personally to introduce my humble self in this narration, which, moreover, does not concern the present writer, except in a secondary degree. The individual to whom it mainly relates is my maternal uncle, Hector Stuart Macdonald, sometime of Galloway, Esquire, but recently of Tartan Villas, Caledonia Road, N., whose patronymic is a passport anywhere. The latter locality he doubtless chose for his residence, after his retirement from active service, by reason of its nominal association with his native land; and if it be sarcastically inquired why he did not return to his native land itself, I reply, because he couldn't. A musket-ball had taken a lodging in the shin-bone of his left leg, or somewhere thereabouts, at the battle of Aliwal, and had declined to be ejected ever since; this forbade the gallant captain's locomotion, and I hope (in charity) exacerbated his temper, which must otherwise have been by nature extremely bad.

At times, when he was free from pain, he was merely hasty and passionate; but during a paroxysm, Uncle Hector behaved like the Grand Turk. I speak in respect alone of the whirlwind of wrath in which he enveloped himself; his behavior to females being always distant, if not respectful, to an extreme degree. He had never married—never been such a fool as to marry, was his own manner of expressing it—and when my father and mother died, he offered me a home for his life, and a competence afterwards, if I should only behave myself like a man who had the Macdonald blood in his veins. Now, nothing could seem kinder than such an invitation as this to me, who did not understand the condition, and I accepted it with fervor. But then so much was expected of a Macdonald. To submit to be sworn at by the head of the clan, and to listen with patience to the achievements of his ancestors, to have to provide one's self with every amusement at fivepence per week—for what little money I had was in my uncle's keeping—to be within doors at nine in summer, and at six in winter, unless by special leave and licence; all this was bitter and irksome enough to a young gentleman of eighteen, who fancied himself quite old enough to be his own master, and who had also some natural spirit, although it might not be neat Macdonald—that genuine, unadulterated Mountain Dew. Nobody can tell how tired I got of the praises of that liquid. Good blood, as a conversational topic, is about as interesting to a person who does not possess much of it, as the laudation of London Stout would be to a teetotaller.

"Whatever good or great thing has ever been done in this country, be sure of this, boy," quoth Uncle Hector, "a Macdonald has been the mainspring. Moreover," would he continue, "I am inclined to think that more eminent persons have come out of Galloway than from any other county in Great Britain."

To this I could only answer, "Indeed," possessing, as Bradshaw has it, "no information" about that district, except that it produced a certain breed of horses, good of their kind, but not remarkable as winners of the Derby or St. Leger.

This "Indeed," delivered, I am afraid, with an intentional dryness, would go straight as an arrow to my Uncle Hector's game leg, and produce a paroxysm. Whether owing to the frequency of these conversations or not, I cannot tell, but the limb got worse and worse, and a jury of doctors being impanneled to sit upon it, delivered it as their opinion that the offending member should be cut off. This verdict the brave old captain received with the greatest coolness; and when the operation took place, declined to be dosed with chloroform, or any such effeminate method of shirking pain, but watched the whole proceedings, not with stoicism indeed, but with a sort of affectionate interest. One of the medical gentlemen was about to convey the leg away, doubtless for the purposes of science; but my uncle, who had never lost sight of it, bade him let it be, in a voice extremely out of character with a patient suffering from a recent amputation.

"No limb of a Macdonald shall be treated with indignity by a Sawbones," observed my uncle, when we were left together in company with the precious relic; "and it will be your task, my boy, to see it layed in the burial-ground of our common ancestors."

"I'm not to take it to Galloway!" cried I, in undisguised alarm.

"But that you certainly are, sir, and without twenty-four hours' delay," returned the patient, with energy. "Why, thousand thunders, to hear your tone of astonishment, one would think Galloway was at the antipodes."

I did not think that, but I certainly had no very accurate idea as to where it was; and not venturing to say so, I took an early opportunity of looking at the map to discover its exact locality. And here my difficulties began, for look where I would, there was no such place as Galloway in all broad Scotland through. There was a Mull of Galloway, it is true, but even that sounded like a mistake of some kind; while, as for carrying Uncle Hector's leg in a brown-paper parcel, all that enormous distance, for the sake of throwing it into the sea—for that was where the Mull seemed to be located—it was really too ridiculous an undertaking. Being totally unable to clear up this matter myself, and fearing to inquire concerning it of my irascible relative, I called upon a young friend who happened to be reading hard for a Civil Service examination, and therefore would, I knew, be possessed of all sorts of out-of-the-way information, to learn what had become of Galloway. He gave me to understand that that important province, so fecund in eminent individuals, had been erased, doubtless through jealousy, from the list of counties, and was now divided into Kircudbright and Wigton.

"The burial-place of our family is in the neighborhood of Stoneykirk," observed my uncle, as I sat in his chamber that same evening, indulging in the hope that he had repented of his monstrous resolution. "It is a grand old spot by the desolate sea-shore, very different from your spick-and-span London cemeteries, that seem to speak less of mortality than of undertakers' bills and extortionate ground-rents. I could not have buried my leg down here—in a befitting manner—at a much less expense that it will cost you to go to Scotland; while the comfort to a man of family in adopting the latter course is unspeakable. You will travel by third class, of course; the train starts at 9.15 from Euston Square to-morrow night, and you may be back again at Tartan Villas by Thursday. I shall give you a ten-pound note, of the expenditure of which you will render me an exact account, and then you and I must live economically for the next week or two. It is a sacrifice, however, to the honor of the family, which I shall never regret."

This was not, however, by any means the view that I myself entertained of the matter. Even supposing the honor of my uncle's family *was* preserved by such a proceeding, why was *I* to be sacrificed to it? When my poor father had the misfortune to blow his little finger off, out shooting, one September, in Shropshire, he did not send me to Kensal Green to see it interred. Why, according to this system, should many accidents involving loss of limb happen to a person of lineage, his burial expenses would form a very serious item in his yearly accounts. It would be really wrong to give way to my uncle's exaggerated notions upon this subject. Besides, it was winter, and ten hours' night-journey by rail, followed by nobody knew how many hours by some Galloway conveyance, drawn by an animal peculiar to the district, and not celebrated for speed, was a very serious consideration. Moreover, the ten-pound note might be spent in a manner infinitely more gratifying to my feelings, and not less so, since he would never know anything about it, to those of my relative. Thus I reasoned with myself, not unnaturally, perhaps, but certainly with dishonesty and meanness. My uncle's demand was a very selfish one, but my pretence of acquiescence was much more deserving of reprobation. I confess that I played a false and unmanly part in the whole transaction; but I was punished for it, and I punish myself now by relating what I did. Let, therefore, as my respected relative used to express it—Let that flea stick to the wall. On the other hand, it must be conceded, that the mission in question was a most distasteful and unnecessary one, and that ten pounds—which I considered, somehow, as my own property, advanced for once in a decently liberal sum—was a great temptation to one who had to make up a long hiatus of three years of London sight-seeing.

"You can take the omnibus to Euston Square, as you have so little luggage," observed my uncle, as the hour drew nigh for my departure; "but be sure that you never let the carpet-bag that has my leg in it get out of your hand."

"Very well, uncle," returned I, although I did not think that it was an article likely to tempt many fraudulent persons; and accordingly into the 'bus I stepped, laden with this singular treasure, and feeling like a second Mr. Greenacre. At Euston Square, instead of a ticket to Springfield, the station I was nominally bound for, I took a Hansom cab to a respectable hotel in Covent Garden; and having engaged a bedroom for a night or two, sallied out from thence with my carpet-bag to Waterloo Bridge. It being my intention to bury my uncle's leg in the waters of oblivion.

Now, at first sight, nothing would seem easier than to drop a brown-paper parcel at night over a parapet into the Thames; but, in reality, this is far from being the case. The police are very prying and officious after ten o'clock, P. M., and a man can't carry a little luggage about with him, without exciting their attention. Moreover, they are not all in uniform, and a passer-by whom you may have set down as a mere inquisitive fellow, is as likely as not to be Constable X, with his suspicions, and the strongest professional objections to your conveying human limbs about in a black carpet-bag. I had, however, found a solitary spot, and was about to take my treasure from its casket for the purpose of putting it through the balustrades, when, all of a sudden, it struck me that the horrid thing would float, if not to-day the next day; or if not that, the day after to-morrow, and that it was absolutely necessary to weight it. Now, again, at first sight, nothing would seem easier than to pick up a stone, and use it for this purpose. But where was I to find a stone? I could not pick out a flag from the pavement with my pocket-knife, like a second Baron Trenck, without exciting the gravest attention; nor could I, for the same reason, offer a street-boy half-a-crown to fetch a stone, although he would probably know where to lay his hand upon one in a moment, in case of any opportunity occurring for window-breaking. I had noticed an old woman with a hand-barrow full of apples at the end of the bridge, and I walked towards her with the intention of purchasing a gallon of them, and throwing the Thing over in their company; but being ignorant of all such subjects, I did not know what they might do when they got sodden by the water; perhaps they would then bob up like corks—indeed, I remembered to have seen an apple floating on some stream or pond—and bring to light the very object which I wanted them to conceal. If I could have got change for a sovereign in half-pence (as Mr. Mantalini threatened to do ere he leaped into the river), and enclosed *them* in the brown-paper parcel, that, indeed, would have been an excellent plan; but upon what pretence could I ask at the toll-gate—albeit it was the very place for them—for two hundred and forty pennies! This simple obstacle threatened seriously to interfere with all my plans, until presently I remembered an ironmonger's shop in the Strand, with a quantity of quoits in the window; and arriving at that establishment just before it closed, I bought four couple of them, and carried them home to my hotel.

In the retirement of my bed-room I hurriedly tied the quoits about the—the brown-paper parcel—with string, and then once more sallied forth upon my tremendous errand. The porter eyed me curiously as I again left the house carpet-bag in hand, and perhaps made up his mind that I was robbing the hotel by little and little, and would eventually carry off my bed-clothes neatly rolled up in the same receptacle. The policemen were more suspicious of me than ever, it being nearly midnight; and "Oh," thought I, "if that suspicion ever rises to the exercise of right of search, how can I account for the possession of Uncle Hector's leg, with three pairs of quoits wrapped round it with the precipitation of guilt! However, I reached the bridge in safety, and selecting a time when I found myself comparatively alone, I opened the carpet-bag, and threw the parcel into the black and swift-flowing river. I could see nothing; but a sharp cleaving of the waters, followed by a dull thud, informed me that the quoits had preceded the limb which it was their mission to have kept under, until the famous New Zealander should have fished for it from the ruined arches, or, in other words, for ever. At the same moment, a tall form, emerging from a recess on my left, laid his hand on my shoulder, and inquired sharply:

"What was that, young man, you have just thrown into the river?"

"Bones and old iron," replied I, with the ingenuity of despair.

"Perhaps," quoth the policeman dryly, turning his bull's-eye upon my terrified countenance, "and also perhaps not."

"There is nothing that forbids rubbish to be shot here," observed I audaciously.

"And therefore your personal safety is by no means secure," returned the officer grimly. "I shall know you again, young fellow, among ten thousand; so, if anything turns up down-stream to-morrow morning, look out—that's all *I* say."

That was all he did say, but it was more than enough for me. Here was a charming beginning for my proposed holiday! "If such be the boasted sweetness of stolen pleasures, give me a moderate sorrow, honestly come by, in its stead," thought I. I had looked forward to going to the theatre at half-price that very night; but I was in no humor now for any description of dramatic performance. If there had been yet a train for the north that night, I verily believe I should have set out for Galloway after all, and buried something or other in the ancestral resting-place, in humble reparation for the wrong which I had done to Uncle Hector.

The next morning was too late for such a course, since even the small deductions of the price of a bed at the hotel and no supper (for appetite I had none) had left my exchequer too impoverished for the journey. The ten-pound note was not adapted for any extras, and the cheap trains did not start till night again. There was nothing left for me, therefore, but to enjoy myself. I could not ask a friend to join me in any diversion, because I did not dare let it be known that I was in town; nay, although I know very few people, wherever I went I was afraid of meeting some acquaintance. I spent a few wretched hours at the Adelaide Gallery, and then wandered into the British Museum. No suicide has, I believe, yet been committed in that national establishment, but let me tell the custodians thereof, that an incident of that description was never nearer happening upon their premises than on the occasion in question. My uncle had obtained leave of absence for me from the house of business in the city where I was engaged daily; and he would have been certain to hear of my not having taken advantage of it, else I would gladly have done my work there as usual, and so passed some of the lingering hours. I did go to the theatre that evening; but before the performance commenced, I caught sight of my friend of the (*in prospecto*) Civil Service in the pit, and precipitately left the building. *He* was taking well-earned recreation in the company of his family after a long day's toil; *I* was endeavoring to lose in fictitious scenes the consciousness of having deceived my only relative, and thrown his revered leg into the river Thames. I don't suppose a four-days' holiday was ever passed so miserably by any human being before or since; I had plenty of time to make up a narrative to hoodwink simple Uncle Hector. My description of Galloway scenery, culled from the best geographies, almost drew tears into his eyes, it was so graphic. He had fortunately not been in his native land for half a century; and when I went a little wrong in local coloring, he ascribed it to the effects of change. The churchyard by the sea was, of course, a little difficult to describe, and was represented after the Socratic method by question and answer, the former largely predominating. But the aged sexton—a concerted piece arranged from *Old Mortality*—was really a great creation, and satisfied Uncle Hector's highest expectations.

"Why, dear me, old David must be—ay, he must be a hundred and two," quoth my uncle reflectively.

"He must be every bit of that, sir," said I: "I never beheld any one so venerable."

"There is certainly no place to live in—or to live so long in—as dear old Galloway," sighed the veteran. "It is scarcely worth while to go home for such a little while as is left me upon earth; but see, boy, when I am gone, that the rest of my bones are laid where you have—"

The rest of this dreadful sentence, which had already stung my conscience like a scorpion, was interrupted by one of those newsmen who infest the suburbs.

"Murder—Murder and Mutilation!" screamed he at the top of his voice. "Found in the river Thames, a portion of a human body."

"What is that he's saying?" inquired my uncle with curiosity.

"It's American news," said I; "that's all; the Latest Information."

"I thought he said 'Murder.' Yes, it *is* murder. Now run out and buy it of him, boy, but be sure you don't give him more than a half-penny."

I bought the broad sheet, but I didn't show it to my uncle, remarking, with the deception that had now alas! become habitual to me, that the vendor wanted a shilling for it. It had a wood-cut of Uncle Hector's limb, but not at all alike; and detailed with great particularity the manner of its separation before death, by means of some blunt instrument, from the body of a lovely female, the rest of whose remains were being diligently sought for by the police. They were already in possession of certain facts which could not fail to bring the perpetrator of this awful crime to justice. In the meantime, the metropolis was aghast with terror, and wild with indignation.

I never moved out of Tartan Villas for the next six weeks. The remark of that policeman: "I shall know you again, young fellow, among ten thousand, if anything turns up down-stream," rang perpetually in my ears, and gave me influenza, cholic, rashes that might be scarlatina—but which were really produced by a small-tooth comb—and, in short, a succession of such diseases as keep one within doors. At the end of the sixth week, I did venture forth for a day or two, but had a relapse from reading a sensation leader in the *Daily Telegraph*, taunting Sir Richard Mayne with the immunity which the author of the Waterloo Bridge Tragedy had experienced. "The blood of that injured girl," it said, "cried aloud, but in vain, for justice, and for the young man with the black carpet-bag!"

I am thankful to say that Uncle Hector never suspected that he himself was the cause of all this excitement. His leg had multiplied itself into so many limbs before he began to read about it, that a much more suspicious person than he would not have entertained a misgiving. His honest heart would have dismissed the notion that his own flesh and blood—his nephew, not his leg, I mean—could have so deceived him, with a noble scorn. The evil I had done him wrought this good, that ever afterwards I behaved dutifully and well towards the veteran, and never thought I could do enough for him in the way of expiation and repentance. In return, his harshness of manner was greatly mitigated, and before his death there was not a nephew in London who had a more genuine reverence for his uncle than I had for the old soldier, whose prejudices were, after all, immensely outweighed by his sterling worth, and his undemonstrativeness more than counterbalanced by the solid benefits he conferred. When the rest of Uncle Hector was "cut off," I did not commit his remains to the same place—in accordance with his literal instructions—as had received his leg, but carried them faithfully to Galloway, and saw them interred where it was the old man's desire to lie.

And this is the true history of the Waterloo Bridge Tragedy, which, after all, had but one leg to rest upon, and even that by no means a sound one.

"Our Baby."

"*That's* our baby," said the young mother, exultingly, as she took it from the cradle, and held it at arm's length before us, and oh! for the light in her eye, as the words were spoken. It was a pretty babe; (mothers and babes are always pretty, though ever so plain before or after; but we have seen prettier;) though that young mother never has, nor ever will. Her wildest dream of beauty is realized, the most glorious angel face that ever bent whisperingly to her in girlish dreams; the ideal lover of her "teens"—myth of imagination, which haunted ante nuptial nights!—was beautiful! exceedingly; but his charms pale and fade away before the peerless beauty of—"our baby." All this was told in a look. True, as she presently seated herself, with baby on her lap, fearing she might have betrayed the extravagance of her love, she pretended to speak slightingly of his features, tried to "cry him down" a little, said "she didn't think he was *very* handsome—didn't like the shape of his nose," &c., but it wouldn't do, we were not to be hoodwinked in that way; and her little *ruse* in subsequently accusing the father of ridiculous admiration did not succeed. "I think Mary Jane's baby is *much* prettier, but George! why you never saw a man act so absurdly as he does over him—he perfectly idolizes him."

George, thus appealed to before a third party, affects a magnificent indifference, snaps his fingers at him with a "pooh!" and valorously calls him a "noisy rascal;" but George is humbugging; he *does* idolize him, and is a better man for the sin.

Reader, "our baby," puling infant as he is, "troublesome comfort" as he proves, weak and helpless as he looks—is a very giant! A power unknown, before his advent, prevails in the household he blesses. A strength more potent than many evils—he imparts. A messenger from Heaven—is "our baby;" bringing to father weighty messages from its courts; singing in mother's always open ear the melodies that angels sing! the burden whereof is faith! and hope! and love! He is a link—forged in sacred fires—of the unseen and rustless chain which binds man to his Maker; the bow anchor to the barque of Love—the household deity—miniature type of Him! who sits in eternal watchfulness over erring humanity. "Our baby" is the sentinel of God!—whose tiny arm, with the power of a Titan, stays the truant steps of that father whose recreant thought sometimes wanders from the shrine of home! A guardian spirit is "our baby;" a safeguard against the powers of darkness—a shining star in every household, whose rays fall like a blessing upon each face within its walls. Reader, God grant they may rest on yours.

☞ A little girl, who thinks it is something dreadful to be seen crying, had her feelings very much hurt one day, when she forgot herself, and sat on the doorstep crying bitterly. Looking up, she saw some little boys passing. She ran into the house, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, those boys saw me with *cry juice* in my eyes."

☞ "Fanny, don't you think that Mr. Bold is a handsome man?" "Oh, no! I can't endure him. He is homely enough." "Well, he's fortunate at all events; for an old aunt has just died and left him $50,000." "Indeed! is it true? Now I come to recollect, there is a certain noble air about him, and he has a fine eye—that can't be denied."

☞ Our army in Virginia is well supplied with rations. An army correspondent writes:—"What army has ever had issued to it, in the midst of active operations, in the very presence of a powerful foe, such articles as rice, potatoes, cabbage, and *sour kraut*?"

☞ DISLOYAL.—The Baltimore papers state that Francis Key, the son of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," was arrested on Saturday last, on a charge of disloyalty, and locked up in the military prison to await trial.

☞ A grasshopper is on exhibition at Portland, the body of which is more than seven inches in length. The Advertiser thinks that these must be some of the Old Testament insects, in which it is said the "grasshopper becomes a burden."

☞ A man named William B. Stuart, at Titusville, Pa., gives notice through the Reporter of that town, that if any man offers him any intoxicating beverage after this date, he will prosecute him to the utmost extremity of the law, or administer summary punishment as he thinks his tempter deserves. He gives as a reason that he does not care for liquor, but after taking a draught he loses all control over himself and cannot refrain from drunkenness.

☞ Six brothers from Vermont named Hull, enlisted together at the commencement of the war. The last survivor of the six was killed in one of the recent battles.

☞ Animals living upon mountains are found to have much larger lungs than those living in the valleys. In the city of Mexico, which is several thousand feet above the level of the sea, consumption and pulmonary complaints are never found unless taken there; the air being much lighter, requires larger and much better developed lungs in such places than in valleys, where they are contracted by the weight of the atmosphere, which is equal to fifteen pounds to every square inch of the body, because it is equal in all directions.

☞ A prominent physician says: "In my practice I have noticed that those children who become ill and die in the spring and summer have fallen victims to the thoughtlessness of parents, who stuff them with roast and fresh meat at a season when their stomachs require a vegetable diet, easily digested and equally nutritious. I have saved the lives of more children by recommending farinaceous and vegetable food than I ever did by dosing them with disagreeable medicines."

ROBIN ADAIR.

Those who have heard Herr Habelmann sing the air of "Robin Adair" in the opera of *La Dame Blanche*, will be interested in the following article from the London *Notes and Queries* concerning its origin and the history of its hero:

E. K. J. is most decidedly in error, both as regards the hero, nature, and date of "Robin Adair," which in no sense of the phrase can be called "a drinking song," or on showing the "warmth of that friendship which subsisted between that gentleman (what gentleman?) and his friends;" but is merely a sentimental, sorrowful lament of a lady for the absence of her lover.

Robert Adair, the hero of the song, was well known in the London fashionable circles of the last century by the *sobriquet* of the "Fortunate Irishman;" but his parentage and the exact place of his birth are unknown. He was brought up as a surgeon, but his "detection in an early amour drove him precipitately from Dublin," to push his fortunes in England. Scarcely had he crossed the Channel when the chain of lucky events, that ultimately led him to fame and fortune, commenced. Near Holyhead, perceiving a carriage overturned, he ran to render assistance. The sole occupant of this vehicle was "a lady of fashion well known in polite circles," who received Adair's attentions with thanks; and, being slightly hurt, and hearing that he was a surgeon, requested him to travel with her in her carriage to London. On their arrival in the metropolis, she presented him with a fee of one hundred guineas, and gave him a general invitation to her house. In after life Adair used to say that it was not so much the amount of this fee, but the time it was given, that was of service to him, as he was then almost destitute. But the invitation to her house was a still greater service, for there he met the person who decided his fate in life. This was Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle, and of Lady Ann Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. Forgetting her high lineage, Lady Caroline, at the first sight of the Irish surgeon, fell desperately in love with him; and her emotions were so sudden and so violent, as to attract the general attention of the company. Adair perceiving his advantage, lost no time in pursuing it; while the Albermarle and Richmond families were dismayed at the prospect of such a terrible *mesalliance*. Every means were tried to induce the young lady to alter her mind, but without effect. Adair's biographer tells us that "amusements, a long journey, an advantageous offer, and other common modes of shaking off what was considered by the family as an improper match, were alternately tried, but in vain; the health of Lady Caroline was evidently impaired, and the family at last confessed, with a good sense that reflects honor on their understandings as well as their hearts, that it was possible to prevent, but never to dissolve an attachment; and that marriage was the honorable, and indeed the only alternative that could secure her happiness and life."

When Lady Caroline was taken by her friends from London to Bath, that she might be separated from her lover, she wrote, it is said, the song of "Robin Adair," and set it to a plaintive Irish tune that she had heard him sing. Whether written by Lady Caroline or not, the song is simply expressive of her feelings at the time, and as it completely corroborates the circumstances just related, which were the town-talk of the period, though now little more than family tradition, there can be no doubt that they were the origin of the song, the words of which, as originally written, are the following:

"ROBIN ADAIR.

"What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;
He whom I wish to see,
Wish for to hear.
Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made life a heaven on earth?
Oh! they're all fled
With Robin Adair.

"What made the assembly shine?
Robin Adair!
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there!
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair!

"But now thou art far from me,
Robin Adair!
But now I never see
Robin Adair!
Yet be I love so well
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! can I ne'er forget
Robin Adair!"

Immediately after his marriage with Lady Caroline,* Adair was appointed Inspector-General of Military Hospitals, and subsequently, becoming a favorite of George III., he was made Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant-Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Very fortunate men have seldom many friends, but Adair, by declining a baronetcy that was offered to him by the king for surgical attendance on the Duke of Gloucester, actually acquired considerable popularity before his death, which took place when he was nearly four score years of age, in 1790. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" of that year there are verses "On the Death of Robert Adair, Esq., late Surgeon-General, by J. Crane, M. D.," who, it is to be hoped, was a much better physician than a poet.

Lady Caroline Adair's married life was short but happy. She died of consumption, after giving birth to three children, one of them a son. On her deathbed she requested Adair to wear mourning for her as long as he lived; which he scrupulously did, save on the king's and queen's birthdays, when his duty to his sovereign required him to appear at Court in full dress. If this injunction respecting mourning were to prevent Adair marrying again, it had the desired effect; he did not marry a second time, though he had many offers. But I am trenching on the scandalous chronicles of the last century, and must stop. Suffice it to say, Adair seems to have been a universal favorite among both women and men; even Pope Ganganelli conceived a strong friendship for him when he visited Rome. Adair's only son by Lady Keppel served his country with distinction as a diplomatist, and died in 1858, aged ninety-two years, then being the Right Honorable Sir Robert Adair, G. C. B., the last surviving political and private friend of his distinguished relative Charles James Fox. His memory, though not generally known, has been also enshrined in a popular piece of poetry, for, being expressly educated for the diplomatic service at the University of Gottingen, Canning satirised him in "The Rovers" as Rogero, the unfortunate student-lover of "Sweet Matilda Pottingen."

WILLIAM PINKERTON.

* In "The Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence" for 1758, the marriage is thus announced: "February 22d, Robert Adair, Esq., to the Right Honorable the Lady Caroline Keppel."

☞ "If I am stuck up, I ain't proud," said the bottle when he was pinned to the wall.

Ancient and Modern Distances.

We are so accustomed to the magnificent distances of our country that our imaginations almost refuse to credit the possibility of noble deeds done on so small a scale of magnitude as sufficed to reveal the greatness of ancient Greece. Wide space is evidently not needed to develope the activity of even the greatest men, any more than intellectual pre-eminence requires large bodily dimensions. Gibbon must needs remind his readers that Palestine was not much superior in extent to the principality of Wales, doubtless intending to hint that so diminutive a territory could not demand so much consideration for its history as seems to be claimed for it in the Bible. But the skeptical historian would have resented any attempt to cast doubt on the truth of the history or demerits of the great men of Greece, because their activity was all exerted within so narrow a space. Says a writer in the Christian Examiner:

"It is hard for us in modern times to adjust our great lenses to the scale of magnitude on which that marvellous drama was acted out. Thus, by singular good fortune and skill, Athens early succeeds in annexing Eleusis, ten miles off, and Salamis, across an easy ferry, and absorbing into a sort of great township, its continental possessions of twenty-four miles square. But Ægina, that lay pleasantly in sight over the bay, was the home of "alien enemies," and was only held under by the iron hand. Megara, at five-and-twenty miles, was the standing pet hostility of Athens; while her most generous act of foreign policy was in steadily upholding Platæa, at thirty-five miles, against the hateful predominance of Thebes, at forty.

"The eternal rivalry with Sparta reached over an interval of about as great as that which separated New York from Philadelphia; while the disastrous expedition to Syracuse, which bewildered the Attic imagination no less by the daring of its distance than by the splendor of its equipments, traversed a world of waters rather less than from the Chesapeake to Port Royal. Yet these narrow limits were enough for the great passions of patriotism, ambition, jealousy, and international hate. The intense pride of every Athenian citizen in his own splendid capital, his fond recalling of its generous liberties and its grand memories, in exile or disaster, or times of peril or fear, is familiar to any one who remembers the soldierly summons of Xenophon on his retreat, the touching appeal of Nicias to the forlorn hope at Syracuse, the fond tone in Plato's dialogues, or the ringing harangue of Demosthenes when the shadow of Macedon began to darken the pass of Thermopylæ.

INDIAN STRATEGY.—A very curious piece of strategy, which took place the other day, shows that the wonders of Cooper's Indian heroes have not ceased. One of the Fourteenth New York Artillery—a Seneca Indian, I believe, from the western part of the state—undertook, on a wager, to bring in alive a rebel sharpshooter, who was perched in a tree in front of our line, considerably in advance of his own. His manner of accomplishing this was as ingenious as successful, and rivals the "deviltry" of any of the Leather-stocking red-skins. Procuring a quantity of pine boughs, he enveloped himself with them from head to foot, attaching them securely to a branch, which he lashed lengthwise of his body. When completed he was indistinguishable to a casual observer from the surrounding foliage, and resembled a tree as closely as it was possible for his really artistic efforts to render them.

Thus prepared, and with musket in hand, concealed likewise, he stole by almost imperceptible movements to beneath the tree where the sharpshooter was lodged. Here he patiently waited until his prey had emptied his piece at one of our men, when he suddenly brought his musket to bear upon the "reb," giving him no time to reload. The sharpshooter was taken at a disadvantage. To the command to come down he readily assented, when the Indian triumphantly marched him a prisoner into camp and won the wager.—*Petersburg Army Letter.*

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—Twenty years ago a gentleman of this city resolved to remove out West, and started for his destination. In New York he stopped at a second-class hotel, and while there was robbed of his purse, containing some two thousand dollars in gold. In the course of his peregrinations he was successful, and had forgotten all about his loss, having accumulated a handsome property. When the war broke out he was too old to enlist, but feeling patriotic, he offered his services to Gen. Logan and acted as quartermaster to a brigade. One night, on the march, the army arrived at a small town in Southern Alabama, and, according to orders, he took possession of the inn for general headquarters. While talking with the landlord he discovered that he formerly kept a hotel in New York, and upon pressing his inquiries, found that he was the identical landlord of the house in which he had been robbed. In the course of the evening he arranged a mock court-martial, and brought the landlord before it, charging him, among other things, with the robbery. Much to his surprise the landlord confessed the robbery, and he had his choice to restore the money or die at sunrise. The man received his principal, and all the interest the landlord could afford to pay, in gold, which the gentleman invested in U. S. 7-30 notes.—*Boston Gazette.*

OVER THE FALLS.—Last week two young men, named Winfield Scott and Wm. H. Lawton, both from Camillus, Onondaga county, visited the Cave of the Winds, under Niagara Falls, in charge of a guide. The trip was made successfully until they had gone through and were about to return, when Lawton saw specimens of rock which he desired to secure. To accomplish his object, he proposed to make a short cut through some apparently shallow water, out of the usual course followed by sightseers, but the guide warned him against doing so, and supposed his advice would be heeded. The unfortunate young man waited till the guide had turned his back and then made the rash attempt. In an instant the rapid current took him off his feet, and when his companions looked again he was gone. Up to our last accounts his body had not been found.

☞ The tastes of children are alike all over the world. Girls love something to pet, love and fondle, comb, wash, above all, dress, and —crowning glory and power of motherhood —put to bed. Boys prefer an article with which they can do mischief—a sword, a gun, or a cannon—they like destruction—anything that smokes or smells like gunpowder. As a young friend of mine observed, "If fireworks are so nice, what must a battle be?"

Summer Sours.

Physiological research has fully established the fact that acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood; which is then passed from the system, thus preventing fevers, the prevailing diseases of summer. All fevers are "bilious," that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic to fever is "cooling." It is a common saying that fruits are "cooling," and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood, that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence the great yearning for greens and lettuce, and salads in the early spring, those being eaten with vinegar; hence also the taste for something sour, for lemonade, on an attack of fever. But this being the case, it is easy to see, that we nullify the good effects of fruits and berries in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even sweet milk, or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. Hence also buttermilk or even common sour milk is antagonistic. The Greeks and Turks are passionately fond of sour milk. The shepherds use rennet, and the milk dealers alum to make it sour the sooner. Buttermilk acts like watermelons on the system.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

ON THE MARCH.—The common idea of a march is a dreary, tiresome day of hard walking over every conceivable kind of road, a night of broken rest, and a repetition of the same gloomy day. It is true that a day's march of a regiment is a very hard duty; but any one who has marched with a regiment knows that there never is so much life and hilarity among the soldiers as when marching. The wit and repartee may not be the most brilliant or the most refined, but it is thoroughly good-natured and intensely laughable. The good humor thus engendered goes far toward lightening the weary way of the soldier. Every peculiarity of every soldier is made the subject of ridicule or good-natured comment. Even their own burden is characterized by every conceivable name. The cartridge box is called the "magazine," the belts, etc., are "harness." A soldier declares he carries with him not only his food and raiment, but also his "night's lodging." It is well these playful moods prevail so much, else a soldier's life would be dreary enough.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

RECENTLY General Sherman found the rebel forces opposite him retaining their artillery fire for several days, and no amount of artillery practice from our side sufficed to draw on the rebel gunners. Sherman was of opinion that the rebel artillery was there, but that Johnson or Ewell was tempting him to make an assault, and had secretly massed his guns to inflict a murderous repulse. How to discover where the rebel guns were placed was now the question. All other efforts failing, Sherman at last uncovered the rebel batteries by the help of an ingenious practical joke. The railroad track stretched past a part of our front, and down close to the rebel line, which it skirted for some distance. Sherman started an old worn-out locomotive down the track at full speed towards the right. They heard its shrill shriek, saw it with amazement come tearing down towards their breastworks, and suspecting they did not know what trick, at last, blazed away with their whole line of batteries at the iron monster. This was all Sherman wanted.

MASSACHUSETTS MEN ON THE ALABAMA.—A correspondent of the New York Herald in Cherbourg, who has visited the marine hospital there, writes:—"I found but two Americans among the twelve wounded men of the Alabama; one of these, whose leg was cut off by a shell below the knee, gave me his name and birthplace with great reluctance. His name is Robert Wright, a native of Boston, Mass., where he has brothers and sisters living. He is a very intelligent man, and gave me considerable information. He and most of the men with whom I conversed, attribute the destruction of the Alabama to the immense force of the two 11-inch Dahlgren guns on the Kearsarge." The writer adds:—"The carpenter, Robinson, who was also a native of Massachussetts, when he saw the battle was lost, drew his revolver and shot himself in the breast."

☞ THE EASIEST PATH.—Any man can tell a truth easier than a lie; can do a good deed easier than a bad one; can be honest easier than dishonest. The natural inclination is to do right, and it is easier to do it than a wrong. It is not an irksome task, as some maintain; a sacrifice of all pleasure; a hard, doleful crucifixion of the natural man, to do right; far from it. Right lies in the straightforward path of life; wrong is in the by-ways and behind the hedges. To do right is both easy and pleasant. Rectitude smiles upon her followers, and pays them well for their service. There is glory in the right, and everybody knows it. To live honorably, is to get the world's esteem. Men know this. Why, then, do they not so live? Ah, that old theory, that it is hard to do right, has frightened them from an attempt to live by the principles of honor and right.

☞ Louis Napoleon, it seems, notwithstanding his grave and mysterious air, and his dead eyes, is susceptible of emotions like those of common humanity. Mr. Conway, writing from England to the "Commonwealth" newspaper, says it has been discovered that he is not proof against everything. Lately, when at the Grand Prize Races of Paris, the horse that had just won the English Derby, Blair Athol, was beaten by the French horse Vermuth, (or Vermont,) the Emperor forgot himself—ha-ha-ed, leaped up, hurrahed, shook hands all around, bowed to the crowd, sat down, and for five minutes "laughed consumedly?" I don't think he overrated the grandeur of the event. The English are dreadfully cut up and chopfallen, and are already trying to make out that the French horse was of English extraction.

☞ TRANSPLANTATION OF HAIR.—The Signor Dottore Domenico Nardo addressed a letter to the Academy of Padua, in 1826, on the subject of the growth of hair after death, and even after its separation from the body. The latter property had previously been observed by Krafft. The Signor Nardo recounts the results of experiments made on his own person in the transplantation of hair, and relates, that by transplanting quickly a hair, with its root, from a pore of his head, into a pore of his chest, easily to be accomplished by widening the pore somewhat with the point of a needle, introducing the root with nicety, and exciting within the pore itself, by friction, a slight degree of inflammation, the hair takes root, continues to vegetate, and grows; in due season changes color, becomes white, and falls.

☞ A Parisian was sometime since on the eve of making a tour, when he perceived that he had lost a diamond breastpin: "He prized this pin greatly, not so much on account of its intrinsic value, as from its having been the property of his father, who died not long ago. He published a particular description of it in the newspapers, and offering 100f. reward for its restoration. He quitted Paris, and ordered his porter to receive the breastpin if it was brought, and to pay the 100f. On his return he was delighted to hear from the porter that the pin had been found. He examined it, and soon found that it was not his. It had evidently been made according to description given in the advertisement. He carried it to a neighboring jeweler, who told him that it was nothing but plated brass, surmounted with a paste diamond."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour is unsettled and drooping. The week's sales reach some 14,000 bbls. In lots at $5,50 to 10 for low grade and good superfine; $9,75@11 for extras, the latter for selected brands; $11@12,50 for extra family; $13@13,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour is selling at $8,25@8,50 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce at previous quotations.

GRAIN—Wheat has been in good request, with sales of about 40,000 bus to note, for shipment and milling, at from $2,50 to 2,70 for common to good and choice reds, and $2,60 to 2,80 for white, as in quality. Rye is selling at $1,75. Corn, 25,000 bus yellow sold at $1,70, afloat and in store, and some white at $1,67@1,70. Oats—Sales of 30,000 bus to note at 95@100c, closing dull at 95@98c for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market closes less firm and very quiet. Pork is quoted at $45@46 for country and city mess, with small sales. Beef ranges at $29@30 for western and city mess. Bacon moves off slowly at 25@27c for plain and fancy bagged Hams, and 16½@17c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats the stock is light, and holders firm at 19@20c for Hams in salt and pickle, and 15@16c for Shoulders and Sides. Lard—Sales at 20@21c; kegs, no sales. Butter—Pennsylvania and Ohio packed is selling at 25@35c. Cheese is in demand at 18@22c ₩ lb. Eggs are quoted at 25c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market is unsettled and irregular. 300 bales found buyers, in small lots, at from $1,50 to 1,70 for ordinary to middling quality, cash.

BARK is scarce. Some 70 hhds Quercitron was taken at $36 for 1st No. 1.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is worth 30@33c ₩ lb.

COAL—Prices are unsettled and on the advance. Sales at $10@10,50, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The sales are limited to a few small lots Rio and Laguayra at 38@39c, and St Domingo at 41@42c, cash and time.

FEATHERS—Western are worth 30@35c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—The transactions are mostly confined to Apples and Berries, which are arriving and selling more freely.

HAY is quoted at $25@30 ₩ ton.

HOPS are selling at from 25 to 32c ₩ lb.

IRON—The only transactions we hear of are 1400 tons, mostly forge, in lots, at $65, and No 1 at $70 ₩ ton, cash. Scotch Pig is held at $75@80 ₩ ton, cash.

LEAD—A sale of 1500 pigs Galena is reported at $17 the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER is arriving and selling moderately; White Pine Boards range at $31@33; Yellow Sap do $28@30, and Lehigh Hemlock at $24; rafted Hemlock is closing out at $19 for Scantling, and $22 for Boards.

MOLASSES—About 300 hhds Cuba sold at 33c for clayed, and 30c for Muscovado, on time.

PLASTER is held at $3 ₩ ton.

RICE—Rangoon is quoted at 14@14½c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—There is little or no Clover offering, and the dealers are paying $7 to 9 ₩ bus for common to prime lots. Timothy—A sale of 2000 bus is reported at $4,25 ₩ bus. Flaxseed is selling at $3,00@3,70 ₩ bus

SPIRITS—Whiskey, the sales are limited at $1,80 @1,85 for bbls.

SUGARS have been excited and inactive; sales 500 hhds at 20@22c for Cuba, on time.

TALLOW is quoted at 18@19c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market is firm and moderately active; sales of 200,000 lbs Fleece are reported, chiefly at $1,10 for medium quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1425 head. The prices realized from $12 to 17 ₩ 100 lbs. 5400 Hogs at from $14,00 to 15,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—4200 head were disposed of at from 6½ to 7½c ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $20 to 40 ₩ head.

TO CLEAR THE HOUSE OF FLIES,

Use Dutcher's Celebrated

LIGHTNING FLY-KILLER,

a neat, cheap article, easy to use. Every sheet will kill a quart. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

FRENCH, RICHARDS & CO., 10th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, wholesale agents. je18-8t

CURE FOR COUGH OR COLD.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the Chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indications of Cough, taken during the day a few "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Containing demulcent ingredients, they allay Pulmonary Irritation. Military Officers and Soldiers should have them in readiness upon the first appearance of a Cold or Cough.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Philadelphia, on the 13th of June, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. WILLIAM C. SCOTT, to Miss MARY E. TWEEDY, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. W. Leadenham, Mr. EUGENE HARRINGTON, to Miss ANN J. M. WHITE, both of this city.

At Dauphin, Pa., on the 28th of June, by the Rev. S. T. Kemble, Mr. GEORGE W. LENTZ, to Miss MARY BAKER, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. EDWARD F. GENTNER, to Miss SALLIE Y. KURTZ, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. GEORGE B. HAINES, to Miss SARAH C. BENJAMIN, both of Maryland.

On the 23d of June, by the Rev. Henry A. Cook, RICHARD S. THOMAS, to Miss KATE R., daughter of the late Geo. Jackson, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Fernly, Mr. ALEXANDER J. BUNN, to Miss MARY J. LANDENBERGER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Winchester, Clark county, Ky., of consumption, E. F. TUCKER, son of the late Thos. S. Tucker, Esq., of Phila., Pa.

On the 12th instant, TACY MORGAN, in her 88th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ANN MURRAY, in her 81st year.

On the 11th instant, JOSEPH HANNEL, Sr., in his 50th year.

On the 10th instant, JOHN RISTINE, in his 35th year.

On the 10th instant, ARMIN T. MILLER, in her 24th year.

On the 9th instant, TILLIE, wife of Frederick Leibrandt, Jr.

On the 8th instant, Mr. VALENTINE DULL, in his 79th year.

On the 9th instant, ELIZABETH WARRINGTON, in her 78th year.

On the 7th instant, MAGGIE K. STILLE, wife of Horace K. Stille.

EXTRA ATTENTION TO STRANGERS DURING THE SANITARY FAIR.
Full stock of FANCY GOODS.
Full stock of STAPLE GOODS.
Full stock of SUMMER SHAWLS.
Full stock of BLACK SILKS.
EYRE & LANDELL,
mar12-1y 400 ARCH Street.

☞ On the road to Epsom, a moustached youth on the top of a drag, evidently ambitious of being mistaken for "an officer," thus saluted a fat coachman, who was gravely driving his master and family:—"Hullos, you sir! where's your shirt-collar? How dare you come to the Derby without a shirt-collar?" John growled forth, without lifting his eyes from his horses:—"Ow the dooce could I when your mother has not sent home my washing?"

☞ Try this, some of you: Fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it to your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary.

B. FRANK PALMER.

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though *few* are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist, oct6-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

No Trouble in Learning Piano Music

Is experienced by those who use

"RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD,"

Universally acknowledged to be *the Best Book of Instruction for the Piano Forte ever published.* Ten thousand copies of this work are sold every year. Distinguished Pianists and Teachers invariably recommend it as one that cannot be excelled. Price $3,50. Sent, post-paid on receipt of price.

OLIVER DITSON & Co.,
jy23-tf Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston.

WEST JERSEY RAILROAD LINES.—Commencing Monday, June 20, 1864, from WALNUT Street Pier.

FOR CAPE MAY.

At 6 and 10 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
For Salem and Bridgeton at 6 A. M. and 4 P. M.
For Glassboro' at 6, 9 and 10 A. M.; 4 and 4:30 P. M.
For Woodbury, Gloucester, &c., at 6 and 9 A. M., 12 M., and 4 and 6 P. M.

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Cape May at 6 and 11:45 A. M., and 5:10 P. M.
Leave Millville at 7:40 A. M. and 1:52 and 6:50 P. M.
Leave Salem at 6 A. M. and 1:15 P. M.
Leave Bridgeton at 6:15 A. M and 1:30 P. M.
Leave Glassboro' at 7:10 and 8:35 A. M. and 2:23, 3 and 7:50 P. M.
Leave Woodbury at 7, 7:40 and 8:51 A. M. and 2:50, 3:20, 5:05 and 9:12 P. M.

THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY,

Office No. 5 Walnut street, will call for and deliver Baggage and attend to all the usual branches of Express business. Heavy articles taken by the 6 A. M. line only, and must be sent to the office the evening previous. Perishable articles by this line must be sent before 5½ A. M. A special messenger accompanies each train. J. VAN RENSSELAER, jy16-8t Superintendent.

WITHERS & PETERSON,

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

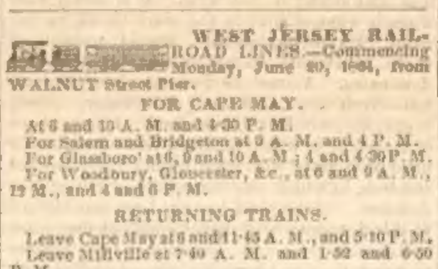
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. my2-1y

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS



Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE, No. 18 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. je18-1y

EMPLOYMENT.—For 50 cents I will send to any address full particulars of a new and beautiful Art by which any person (male or female) can make from $4,00 to $5,00 per day clear of expenses. Address all letters to CHARLES J. PADAY, 31 St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED.—$50 per month guaranteed. For terms and specimens, address with stamp, L. L. TODD & CO., jy2-3m New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S

AMERICAN ORGANS.

The subscriber takes great pleasure in calling the attention of the public to these beautiful and superb instruments with the most perfect assurance of their superiority in fullness and perfectness of tone, and possessing all the power, sweetness and advantages of a Large Church Organ, combined in a small and elegant piece of furniture for the Parlor, Church, Lecture or Lodge Room, &c. They are the best made, taking precedence, as they become known, over all others.

Also Melodeons, all Styles, &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at very lowest prices with full arrangements to give Dealers exclusive territory, &c. Send for Illustrated Price Circulars, and address all orders,

SIBERIA OTT, Wholesale Agent,
748 Broadway, New York.

THE

BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.

PIANO FORTES.

The subscriber, late a member of this well known firm, has established a

WHOLESALE AGENCY,

748 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

where he will be pleased to receive the orders of his friends and the public, and especially to hear from those who have so liberally bestowed their patronage on the firm heretofore. He will supply these superior instruments to the trade,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Made with the Insulated Iron Rim and Frame (cast in one solid plate). They excel all others in durability, superiority of tone, and elegance of external appearance.

WARRANTED TO PROVE SATISFACTORY,

OR MONEY RETURNED.

Address all orders,

SIBERIA OTT,
748 Broadway, New York.

Piano Stools and Covers.

ABBOTT'S IRON COLUMN AND FEET STOOL.—The best, neatest, and cheapest Stool made. Also ROSEWOOD STOOLS, PIANO AND MELODEON COVERS.—Rubber, Fancy and Plush. Also Cloth, all kinds.
Address orders,

SIBERIA OTT,
748 Broadway, New York.

CHRONOMETER WATCHES.

FASOLDT'S AMERICAN PATENT POCKET CHRONOMETERS.—The best time keepers in the world. Will not vary a minute in a year. Sole agent. Send for circulars, and
Address orders,

SIBERIA OTT,
748 Broadway, New York.

WHOLESALE AGENCY.

SIBERIA OTT,

748 Broadway, New York.
je11-1y2 and 23

WILLCOX & GIBBS Sewing Machine.

It is entirely noiseless.
A patent device prevents it being turned backward.
The needle cannot be set wrong.
It received the Gold Medal of the American Institute in 1863.
Send for a circular containing full information, notices from the press, testimonials from those using the machine, &c. JAMES WILLCOX,
Manufacturer, 508 Broadway, New York.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES:
NEW YORK—508 Broadway,
BOSTON—282 Washington Street,
PHILADELPHIA—715 Chestnut Street,
CHICAGO—133 Lake Street,
CINCINNATI—70 West 4th Street,
LONDON—135 Regent Street,
HAMBURG—44 Hermann Street,
PARIS—82 Boulevard de Sebastopol,
ST PETERSBURGH—15 Gorochowy,
VIENNA—9 Wildpretmarket,
BRUSSELS—12 Rue Croisade,
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—292 Pitt Street.
jy2-3m

WENDEROTH & TAYLOR,

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND IVORYTYPISTS,

912, 914 and 916 Chestnut Streets,

PHILADELPHIA,

Invite attention to their improved styles of Imperial and extra Imperial Photographs, presenting the finish of retouched pictures at the cost of plain.

Every style of picture furnished from the *Carte de Visite* to the highly-finished Ivorytype and Oil Portrait, with satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ Particular attention given to copying Old Pictures.

☞ Fine assortment of ALBUMS constantly on hand.

N. B.—Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan 2-tf

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE

Magnifying objects 500 *times*, mailed for 50 cents, or THREE of different powers *for* $1.00. Also, the Double Lens POCKET MICROSCOPE for 75 Cts.
Address F. P. BOWEN,
jy2-4t Box 220, Boston, Mass.

$100 PER MONTH.—ACTIVE AND RELIABLE Agents in the Army and everywhere else, in the most lucrative business known. Honorable and no risk. Address or apply to T. & O. GAUGHAN, 116 Broadway, New York. jy2-6t

WIT AND HUMOR.

A SONG OF PROVERBS.

AIR: "*Push About the Jorum.*"

In ancient days, tradition says,
When knowledge was much stinted—
When few could teach and fewer preach,
And books were not yet printed—
What wise men thought, by prudence taught,
They pithily expounded;
And proverbs sage, from age to age,
In every mouth abounded.
Oh, blessings on the men of yore,
Who wisdom thus augmented,
And left a store of easy lore
For human use invented.

Two of a trade, 'twas early said,
Do very ill agree, Sir;
The beggar hates at rich men's gates
A beggar's face to see, Sir.
Yet trades there are, though rather rare,
Where men are not so jealous;
Two lawyers know the coal to blow,
Just like a pair of bellows.
Oh, blessings, &c.

Birds of a feather flock together,
Like fain with like would dwell, Sir;
Yet things unlike the fancy strike,
And answer pretty well, Sir.
You know Jack Sprat: he eats no fat,
His wife can eat no lean, Sir;
So twixt the two, with small ado,
They lick the platter clean, Sir.
Oh, blessings, &c.

The man who would Charybdis shun
Must make a cautious movement,
Or else he'll into Scylla run—
Which would be no improvement.
The fish that left the frying-pan,
On feeling that desire, Sir,
Took little by their change of plan,
When floundering in the fire, Sir.
Oh, blessings, &c.

A man of sense from a glass house
Will not be throwing stones, Sir;
A mountain may bring forth a mouse
With many throes and groans, Sir.
A friend in need's a friend indeed,
And prized as such should be, Sir:
But summer friends, when summer ends,
Are off and o'er the sea, Sir.
Oh, blessings, &c.

Sour grapes, we cry, of things too high,
Which gives our pride relief, Sir;
Between two stools the bones of fools
Are apt to come to grief, Sir.
Truth, some folks tell, lies in a well,
Though why, I ne'er could see, Sir;
But some opine 'tis found in wine,
Which better pleases me, Sir.
Oh, blessings, &c.

Your toil and pain will all be vain,
To try to milk the bull, Sir;
If forth you jog to shear the hog,
You'll get more cry than wool, Sir.
'Twould task your hand to sow the sand,
Or shave a chin that's bare, Sir;
You cannot strip a Highland hip
Of what it does not wear, Sir.
Oh, blessings, &c.

An Enterprising Agent.

An enterprising travelling agent for a well-known Cleveland tomb-stone manufactory, recently made a visit to a small town in a neighboring county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go out and see him, and offer him consolation and a grave-stone on his usual reasonable terms. He started; the road was a horribly frightful one, but the agent persevered and arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting rails "over in the pastur," about two miles off. The indefatigable agent mounted his horse and started for the "pastur." After falling in all manner of mud holes, and scratching himself with the briars, and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at length found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked him if he had lost his wife; the man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear it, and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down all of both high and low degree. Informed the man "that what was his loss was her gain," and would be glad to sell him a grave-stone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said that there was one difficulty in the way.

"Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent.

"Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no grave ain't necessary, for you see the cussed critter ain't dead—she shooted with another feller."

Agent left that "pastur" in a hurry.

Ye Candidate's Grindstone.

A neighbor of Colonel Baker, the warrior statesman of Windham, tells the following story:—

The colonel's old grindstone, which had long done good service on the farm, having become pretty well worn down, he bought and brought home a nice new one. A poor neighbor conceiving that the venerable colonel could have no use for *two stones*, but could get along very well with one, asked him to give him the old one. The proposal, however, was *not* eagerly embraced, but was, on the contrary, positively negatived. An effort to buy the stone also failed, owing to a disagreement between them regarding the price; and the man having asked for the stone, and been given a decidedly cold shoulder, went away exceedingly sorrowful.

A day or two after the colonel's nomination for Congress, he fell in with his neighbor, and after shaking hands and inquiring after each member of the independent elector's family, he took occasion to say, in the most friendly manner—

"By-the-by, you was speaking to me the other day about an old grindstone of mine. I don't know as I shall want it for anything; if it will do you any good you can take it along with you any time when you are going by. It lies out there by the wood-pile."

The colonel paused to receive the warm thanks which he felt that his noble conduct deserved, but was a trifle set back by the following blunt response—

"*Better keep it yourself, colonel; you've got more axes to grind than I have.*"

SCENE IN A CITY RAILWAY CAR.

COLOSSAL OLD LADY (politely).—"You needn't move, sir. I shall soon shake down."

IN THE WRONG COMPANY.—At a railway shareholders' meeting held in London the other day, a gentleman attended, and would insist upon making a very long speech, which he did. The chairman, when he had concluded, quietly asked the orator if he had quite done. "Yes, sir, quite," was the indignant reply of the seated man. "You will, consequently, permit me to answer you, sir?" "Oh, certainly, if you can; but I defy you to do that!" "Well, then," said the chairman, calmly, and with exceeding measured voice, looking round the room, "I think I can do so; I think I can do it to the satisfaction of yourself—I think I can do it to the satisfaction of all present—by informing you that you are in the wrong room, and addressing the wrong company. The brilliant speech you made should have been delivered at No. 6, first floor."

Tardiness in Walking.

Bodily exercise is so natural an impulse that a child is as certain to walk as birds are to fly when he feels himself strong enough for the exertion. The mystery of the tardiness displayed will most probably be found in some peculiarity of constitution, by which the development of muscular strength is delayed. It is likely that there is want of lime in the constitution of the child. Its diet, therefore, should consist of those substances in which that property predominates. Animal food—tender beef or mutton—fresh eggs, oat-meal, lime-water, brown bread, &c., will be the best food. I have heard of instances in which finely pulverized egg-shells have been given with good results in the food of children, in which the bone-forming power was deficient. If the child has not been accustomed to this description of diet, he may at first show a disinclination for it. It will then be necessary to watch that the appetite is not satisfied with less nutritious substances. What is apparently a very small quantity is sufficient to support the demand of the frame at the age described, provided the food be of *suitable* quality. At the same time highly concentrated nourishment should be avoided; the effect would be to overstimulate, not nourish the infant. Cold water bathing is good if the child enjoys it, and immediately acquires a warm glow, otherwise it is injurious. Sponging with tepid water would in that case be better. The best assistance, however, combined with suitable diet, would be a long visit to the sea-side. Every contrivance for teaching walking is bad; every support whilst practising the exercise is equally so. Children should be suffered to proceed in their own fashion, prompted by an instinct of their peculiar capabilities. A looker-on should appear to take no notice of the first tottering attempts. The thoughtless habit that nurses have of crying "take care, you'll fall," at every step the little novice takes often paralyzes the will in a timid child; she had better hold her breath, watch for the tumble, and see how little harm it does. Well-nursed children are seldom in a position of imminent danger. The obvious course, when such is the case, is to snatch them from it, and not to raise a cry of warning.

AGRICULTURAL.

Some of the Economics of Social Intercourse.

BY J. J. H. GREGORY.

I can conceive of a farmer lounging away his own time and filching precious hours from his thrifty neighbors in pointless calls; but our New England farmers as a class need few warnings in this direction; more especially is this true of those who live within market distance of our great centres of population, and catch the restless drive of city life. New England farmers are far less in danger of wasting time in loafing, than in losing opportunities to acquire valuable information from living too isolated a life. Farmers are not nearly as diligent in acquiring improved methods of cultivation, and availing themselves of the advantages of improved machinery, as they are in putting in the hard work. Well, this sticking right to it!—has a smack of hardy self-reliance about it, but we yearn that just such a driving energetic class should have all the helps possible at hand, for there will be muscle enough invested under the most favorable conditions for labor.

Now I hold that no farmer can make a more profitable investment of his time each season of the year, than in making a few calls during the ploughing, planting, hoeing and harvesting seasons, on the more enterprising farmers of his vicinity. Labor is now very high; this therefore is a capital opportunity to profit by all the advantages of improved machinery. Farmers are usually slow to invest in new implements, and this is often put to the credit of a judicious caution. To be slow to run after every new thing is one thing, and a compliment to their good sense; but to be slow in adopting a *real improvement* is quite another thing, and is no compliment to the energy or enterprise of the parties concerned.

A little practical knowledge proves this, that greatly improved implements are often in use in the same township by some of its farmers years before they are adopted by others; who, after having adopted them, admit at once that they are a great gain. Of course the corollary follows, that they have been losers by not adopting them at an earlier day. I recently surprised an intelligent farmer by informing him that a neighbor, who had great success in potato culture, planted his potatoes about fifteen inches apart,—a fact it was due to his intelligence to have learned by direct inquiry or observation, as he might readily have done. A driving, energetic neighbor, whose hands sometimes get the start of his head, recently drove five miles to an agricultural store and purchased a cultivator, loaded it on his wagon and turned towards home; he was soon overtaken by a friend, who informed him that that style was markedly inferior to a later patent, as he had proved by his own experience. Back neighbor drove, and exchanged it for the improved kind, and again started to return. Just before entering town he made a second exhibition of his purchase, when he was asked if he had ever tried a horse hoe. On replying in the negative, "Just try one," said the farmer, "and then you would not take that concern as a gift; drive up to H———, and he will tell you the same." To make a long story short—Neighbor drove to H———, (a farmer living within two miles of his own residence,) was informed that he would not take the cultivator to replace the horse hoe if it was a gift and twenty-five dollars were thrown in. Somewhat chagrined and feeling rather un-Yankeefied, Neighbor turned back, made a long journey, and another exchange, returned home with his horse hoe, and as the result of his own experience, now declares that the horse hoe is beyond all comparison superior to the cultivator. I consider the above a good illustration of the economics of "Social Intercourse."

Among other implements that have demonstrated their value to those who cultivate the potato on a large scale, are "Potato Hoers." I hesitate not to say that hundreds of farmers will *ultimately* adopt some one of the varieties of these, who are now substituting for them hard hand labor—simply because they have not at an earlier day had sufficient social intercourse with their neighbors to have learned their immense value as a labor-saver.

I have made two or three excursions this season, and have returned so well repaid, that I intend to make a few more "tours of observation" ere long. I am now ready to cast a unanimous vote in favor of a small variety of gang plough, carrying about four shares, as a capital implement to fine the surface of turned sward much deeper and better than a harrow. I am ready also, to cast a heavy vote for that long, high-stilted, grass-hopper looking machine, used by the Down Easters to hoe their potatoes; it does its work with great dispatch, and thoroughly.

I am inclined to believe that a great deal of this non-intercourse originates in a misapplication of the sturdy spirit of independence which is naturally begotten by the noble pursuit of agriculture. This is unfortunate. Let us help ourselves as far as possible; but let us not be too high-spirited to be also served by the experience of our neighbors. A rivalry between two "smart farmers" that has passed into bitterness is not so rare a spectacle as we could wish.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Agricultural Etiquette.

[We insert the following from the *Rural New Yorker*, as a hint to our town and city readers—that they may be careful not to go to any place where there is any danger of their not being welcome:]

At this season the denizens of towns and cities swarm into the country, visit their country cousins—the farmers to whom they may be in some wise related. And many of these visitors neglect to remember that this is the busy season with husbandman and housewife; that such visits fail to give pleasure to the rural population, unless the visitor, in his or her effort to restore strength and stamina lost in the pleasures and cares of city life, develope it by other modes than being waited upon; unless they share the labors of the farmer and his wife to such an extent as fully to compensate for time given by them to excursions, picnics, &c., in entertainment of their visitors.

This country *coaxing* is a great nuisance to farmers—a great tax upon the strength and patience of the farmers' wives at a time when all of it is needed and should be applied in insuring and securing a harvest. We have used the word *coaxing* advisedly. It is nothing else, unless the aid we have above suggested is given. And especially this season, when labor is scarce, are these plain words needed—when the country demands increased production to supply the waste of war, and when the force of the farmer has been drawn upon to give force to the army.

Farmers, conscript your visitors. Make them take the *hoe*, the *scythe*, the *fork*, and visit by your side in the field. Do not give them precious time—lend it to them and exact payment in kind and in full. By this means they will learn to enjoy and appreciate rural life as witnessed from a labor stand-point. And they will better estimate the character and intelligence of the men who are called "the bone and muscle" of the country. And if your visitors lack the good sense to appreciate your position and duties, leave them to their own resources. Feed them on plain farmers' fare. Give them the hardest beds and the hottest rooms. Don't let them think you feel honored and overwhelmed by their presence. Don't make yourselves uncomfortable on their account. We don't believe in that kind of hospitality. It ought not to be agricultural etiquette during the busy season at least.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

CANNING FRUIT.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman seasonably reminds the readers of that journal that many fruits may be preserved with little or no sugar. The correspondent says:—

"Currants, gooseberries, peaches and pears require no sugar to preserve them. Raspberries and blackberries do not require more than four ounces of sugar to a pound of fruit, and strawberries but little more. We have now the different kinds, nearly as fresh and good as when first gathered. Put them up the same way as if you used the usual quantity of sugar; that is expel the cold air by heating the fruit after it is placed in the jars, by setting the jars in cold water, which heat to boiling. The jars that we use are self-sealing, with zinc covers, which can be screwed on before the jar is removed from the hot water. We have never lost a jar of fruit put up in them."

VEGETABLE STAINS.—These include fruit stains, and may be removed with chlorine or sulphuric acid. A diluted solution of chlorine will remove them; or if practicable, chlorine in a gaseous state will be better, the place being wet. Sulphuric acid, or the strong fumes of burning sulphur will effect the same purpose, but much more slowly, and perhaps more safely. Both these substances will, however, remove any other vegetable color which may have been used for dyeing the fabric.

To remove stains from calico or other colored substances, without affecting the original hue, requires not only a knowledge of the materials used in dyeing, but of those which will dispel the stain without affecting these dyes, and would be too extended a subject for our present limits. —*Annual Register.*

NEW METHOD OF MAKING BREAD.—Good bread is a good thing, and one not so easily obtained. A correspondent of the American Agriculturist says she can make good bread, and tells others how to do it. She says:—

"Instead of protracted agony of twelve or eighteen hours, it will only be a pleasant exercise of a few minutes in making it—just two hours for raising—and baked in fifty minutes, and then out come the loaves, so round and light, so tender and sweet, the whole household will be delighted.

"The first thing, and last in fact, is a proper temperature, both while making it and in process of raising. Without heat, internal as well as external, fermentation cannot be rapid enough. Then heat two bricks to 100 degrees or more, and place the pan you make the bread in upon them, and so knead and work in the heat with the material. And now, though the great army of bread makers stand up in floury array against me, and even shake their doughy fingers at me, I shall not wince or abate one jot. Success is the test of merit, as the world goes, and the past delusive notion that, after bread is light once, it must forsooth be moulded over into loaves, and set to work again, is all nonsense. It often induces sourness, certainly multiplies labor, and takes time. Well, then, have two tins well greased, and divide the dough equally. (I use two quart tins, which, of course, requires two quarts of flour and over for a loaf), and set them to rise by the stove on the hot bricks, with a piece of carpet over the bricks, to moderate the heat, and then well cover with warm woolens. In two hours it will be rising like Aladdin's palace, and when fairly brimming full place it in your oven, and you will soon have as delicious bread to eat as one ought to expect out of Paradise. I claim this as original, and only ask you to follow these directions, and give us the result. Thus bread-making ceases to be the tax on time and patience it usually is, and the harassing doubts and fears one usually goes through with while following the old method, are quite done away with. I could say much on the philosophy of baking bread, in adjusting the 'golden mean,' which, after all, is half. A peep into some of the closed ovens would, I fear, call out the exclamation of the dogs in Landseer's picture of 'Too hot, too hot.' These instructions are so plain, and the results promised so great, that they are worth trying."

☞ RIGHTS OF AMERICANS.—A wag has made the following summary of what he calls the inalienable rights of Americans, and which are not enumerated in the Declaration of Independence:—

To know any trade or business without apprenticeship or experience.

To marry without regard to fortune, state of health, position, or opinion of parents.

To have a wife and children dependent on contingencies of business, and, in case of sudden death, to leave them wholly unprovided for.

To teach our children no good trade, hoping that they will have, when grown up, wit enough to live on the industry of other people.

To enjoy the general sympathy when made bankrupt by reckless speculation.

To cheat the Government, if possible.

To hold offices without being competent to discharge the duties.

To build houses with nine and six-inch walls, go to the funeral of tenants, firemen, and others killed by the fall, weeping over the "mysterious dispensations of Providence."

To build our cities and towns without any parks, public squares, broad streets, and ventilated blocks, and call pestilence a visitation of God.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JOSEPH S. ROSS, JR.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 14, 8, 12, is a bitter wild plum.
My 2, 4, 17, 5, is a French measure.
My 3, 8, 6, 12, is an animal.
My 4, 9, 2 6, is a river of Continental Europe.
My 5, 3, 15, 4, is a very large bird.
My 6, 4, 16, 13, is a part of the human body.
My 7, 8, 1, 5, is what most people wear.
My 8, 2, 7, 4, is in the Sandwich Islands.
My 9, 8, 18, 12, is a town of France.
My 10, 14, 3, 2, is a foreign measure.
My 11, 8, 16, 18, is a rabbit.
My 12, 13, 5, 9, is a river of Germany.
My 13, 4, 3, is an useful kind of tree.
My 14, 12, 17, is a nickname.
My 15, 2, 9, is a part of the human body.
My 16, 4, is a letter of the Greek alphabet.
My 17, 8, 9, 1, 15, was an ancient language.
My 18, 14, 14, 10, 16, is a beautiful tree of China.

My whole is a great scholar of the present age.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

Charade.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an apartment neat,
Where daily friends and strangers meet.
As to my second, I may state,
It signifies to cultivate.
My third and last, with meaning rife,
Applies to every stage of life.
Indeed, to all the different stages,
Throughout the lapse of vanished ages.
My whole exists in every one,
Both man and beast, beneath the sun.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an agricultural implement.
My second is a valuable fowl.
My third is a city of considerable note.
My fourth is a retreat for wild beasts.

My whole is the name of a battle-ground, where the French obtained a victory over, the Austrians.

C. JONES.

Elba, Min.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a prefix often used
Before a verb or noun.
My second's a division of
A city or a town.

2.

Transpose me all, I'm much in use,
To hold things both tight packed and loose.
That I am useful, I will show,
For of me in each house there's a dozen or so.

3.

But as I was before transposed,
You'll find I'm to the good ones given;
If not while here upon the earth,
They'll have me when they get to Heaven.

CHAL.

Magic Square.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to arrange the following numbers, so that the sum of any four numbers, taken horizontally, perpendicularly, diagonally, or in the form of a square, shall be the same:

1, 2, 3, 4,
5, 6, 7, 8,
9, 10, 11, 12,
13, 14, 15, 16.

Oil City, Pa. WALTER SIVERLY.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What will be the altitude of a cone inscribed in a sphere 24 inches in diameter, so that the convex surface of the cone shall be a maximum?

GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a foot in a tight boot, and a fresh-caught mackerel, like a sailor in a gin-shop? Ans.—Because all three are in danger of getting *corned*.

☞ What is that which nobody wants, yet nobody likes to lose? Ans.—A lawsuit.

☞ Which is the shortest bridge in the world? Ans.—The bridge of the nose.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"The King of France, with twenty thousand men, marched up the hill, and then marched down again." ENIGMA—Ulysses S. Grant. CHARADE—Coffee (Cough-fee.) RIDDLE—Stephen C. Foster.

Answer to PROBLEM by Young Mathematician, published May 14th, is 268.9276 acres. D. Engels, Sam's Creek, Carroll Co., Md.

Answer to PROBLEM by Walter Siverly, published June 4th;

89,13714	acres, at	$5.60933	per acre.
93,29518	" "	5.35933	"
94,39601	" "	5.29683	"
108,47554	" "	4.60933	"
114,69642	" "	4.35933	"

J. N. Soders and Walter Siverly. Morgan Stevens sends nearly the same answer.

☞ BOILING WATER.—It may not be generally known that anything will cook just as soon in water boiling as slowly as possible, as it will in water boiling with the greatest fury. Water under the pressure of the atmosphere, and at the level of the sea, boils at 212 deg. Fah., and as long as it is open to the air, no fire, however fierce, will heat it a single degree above this temperature. If the vessel be closed with an air-tight cover, so as to increase the pressure on the surface of the liquid, it may be heated to any degree whatever.

HAIR WASH.—1 oz. powdered borax, ½ oz. of powdered camphor, 1 quart of boiling water. When cool pour into a bottle for use and clean the head with it, applying with a flannel or sponge once a week.